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DONIZETTI'S
O P E R A
DON PASQUALE,

ITALIAN TEXT, WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

AND

The Music of all the Principal Scenes.

.30

**BOSTON
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY**

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PASQUALE.

BASS.

DOCTOR MALATESTA.

BARITONE

ERNESTO.

TENOR.

NORINA.

SOPRANO.

**Notary, Servants, Valets, Chambermaids, Butler, Milliner, Hair-Dresser,
&c.**

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A R G U M E N T .

Don Pasquale was a rich, credulous, but good-hearted old bachelor, who lived in one of the middle Italian States. He had but one relation, a nephew, by the name of Ernesto, a fine young man, who had always lived on the purse of his uncle, and in the natural course of events, would inherit his wealth. Uncle and nephew had lived together in peace and harmony, until the former got it into his head, to provide for Ernesto a wife a wealthy widow, by which marriage he would become comfortably settled in life. Unfortunately for the uncle's fond plans, Ernesto had already formed an attachment to a young girl of much beauty and many accomplishments, but of very limited fortune, —Norina,—and refused to obey his wishes. Don Pasquale became enraged at this resistance, swore he would disinherit Ernesto, and resolved to settle himself in marriage, in order to have somebody else to leave his money to than his ungrateful and undutiful nephew Ernesto.

As Don Pasquale had always kept himself quite aloof from the other sex, he was at a loss upon whom to fix his choice, when he bethought himself of a Doctor Malatesta, who had been friend and physician to him a good many years, and who might be just the person to find him a suitable wife. Accordingly the Doctor was sent for, and made acquainted with the project of his patron. Now Doctor Malatesta, besides being sensible of the absurdity of the old bachelor's resolution, was a friend to Ernesto, and immediately made up his mind, to save Don Pasquale from just ridicule and bitter repentance, and Ernesto from the fate of poverty. He informed his patron that he had a sister, who had just finished her education in a convent, and come on to visit him; that he thought her a capital match for his esteemed friend; that he would introduce her to him, and, if the impression were agreeable, the marriage might at once be consummated. Don Pasquale was delighted, and asked that the girl should at once be brought to him. Malatesta went off and straightway informed Norina of the mischief that was brewing, and the means he had devised to prevent it. These were no less than introducing Norina to Don Pasquale as his—Malatesta's—sister, spoken of previously, marrying her to him by a sham notary, and then leaving it to the wit and ingenuity of Norina to disgust the bridegroom so thoroughly with matrimony, that a denouement would at last relieve all parties, restore Ernesto in the affections of his uncle, and procure Norina's hand for him.

Norina did not hesitate to accept the part assigned to her in this plot. She accompanied the Doctor to Don Pasquale's residence, and by well affected modest looks and simplicity, so charmed the old bachelor that he desired to marry her immediately. Ernesto, who had been informed of the intrigue, came just in time to witness the ceremony,

which was conducted by a fictitious notary. No sooner were the nuptials celebrated, when, to the great astonishment of the good Don, with whom order and economy were the leading rules of conduct, and who imagined his young wife a pretty slave, Norina began to assume the airs of a mistress. She dismissed old servants, overthrew the order of the household, ordered new furniture, carriage and horses. In vain Don Pasquale remonstrated; she must and will have her say. He spoke authoritatively, she laughed at him; he pleaded moderation, she scorned him, and recommended him to go to bed, as she had made up her mind to go to the theatre with Ernesto. As she left the room, she dropped a note, which Don Pasquale quickly picked up as soon as his spouse had left the room. His consternation was indescribable, when he discovered by its contents that his wife had made an appointment to meet a lover that very evening, by a pavilion in his garden. Doctor Malatesta was immediately sent for, and, of course, was not long in coming. Don Pasquale was furious, talked of exposure, punishment, divorce, &c., but the Doctor soon convinced him, that in his just rage he would probably go too far, and persuaded him to grant full power to solve these difficulties to himself, the Doctor. "Everything," said the old husband, "only get rid of this woman."

At 11 o'clock Don Pasquale and the Doctor repaired to the garden, where Ernesto and Norina enacted the scene of an interview. They just caught a glimpse of the figure of Ernesto, muffled up in his cloak, who then slipped off to the house. They seized Norina, who boldly asserted that she was there alone, had seen no one, and was to meet no one. Don Pasquale had the garden searched. Nobody could be found. Norina denied all charges made against her. Don Pasquale proposed to buy himself off; she would not listen to it. At this juncture the Doctor dropped the remark that she would have to share her authority, at any rate, with Norina, who was shortly to enter the house, as the wife of Ernesto. Don Pasquale at first was greatly shocked at this indiscretion of his manager, but perceiving the well feigned consternation of his wife at these views, he avowed his consent to this stratagem, thinking to drive her out by the new comer. And so he did, as he immediately found out, although not exactly in the manner in which he thought; for, no sooner had he given his consent to the marriage of Norina and Ernesto, when the latter stepped forth, took Norina by the hand, and asked the blessings of the thunderstruck uncle. Doctor Malatesta explained the deceit, which had been practised upon him, and as Don Pasquale felt so happy at being at peace once more, he united the hand of his nephew to the hand of Norina.

DON PASQUALE.

ATTO I.

SCENA I.—Sala in Casa di Don Pasquale, con Porta in fondo d'entrata comune, e due Porte laterali che guardano agli Appartamenti interni.—Un Orologio segna nove ore.

Don PASQUALE solo, guarda con impazienza all' orologio.

Pas. Son nov' ore ! di ritorno
Il Dottore cesser dovrà.
Zitto ! parmi—è fantasia,
Forse il vento che passò.
Che boccon di pillolina,
Nipotino, vi preparo !
Vò chiamarmi don somaro,
Se veder non ve la fo.
Malatesta. [Di dentro.] E permesso ?
Pas. / Avanti, avanti !

SCENA II.—Entra il Dottor MALATESTA.

Pas. [Con ansietà.] Dunque ?
Mala. Zitto, con prudenza !
Pas. Io mi struggo d'impazienza !
La sposina ?
Mala. Si trovò !
Pas. Benedetto !
Mala. (Che babbione !)
Proprio quella che ci vuole.
Ascoltate ; in due parole
Il ritratto ve ne fo.
Pas. Son tutt' occhi ! tutto orecchie !
Muto, attento a udir vi sto !

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in the House of Don Pasquale, with a Door for general entrance at the back, and two Side-doors leading to inner Chambers.—A Clock, showing the hour of nine.

Don PASQUALE, looking anxiously at the Clock.

Pas. 'Tis nine o'clock ! on his return
My friend, the Doctor, ought to be. [Listening.
Hush ! hush ! I think—'tis fantasy,
Or else the wind that seeks its bourne.
Oh, what a mouthful of a pill,
Nephew, prepare for you I will !
Myself I'll call a donkey wise,
If soon I open not your eyes !
Malatesta. [From within.] Have I permission ?
Pas. Enter—freely enter !

SCENE II.—Enter Doctor MALATESTA.

Pas. [Anxiously.] Well, well, my friend ?
Mala. Hush, hush, you must be patient !
Pas. I am consum'd to ashes with impatience !
The bride ! the bride ! dear Doctor ?
Mala. She is found !
Pas. Oh, bless you ! bless you !
Mala. (What a stupid blockhead !)
Exactly such a one as you have wished for.
Listen with all your ears ; and in two words
The portrait of the charmer I will draw.
Pas. I am all eyes—what do I say ? all ears !
Mute and attentive, listening I wait !

BELLA SICCOME UN ANGELO—BEAUTEOUS AS AN ANGEL BORN. Doctor MALATESTA.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, treble clef, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are in Italian, with an English translation provided below them.

Bel - la sic-co-me un an - ge - lo! In terra pol - le - gri - no! Fre-sca sic-come il gi - glio,
Beau-teous as an an - gel born! Bright as does that gem the earth! Fresh as the li - ly at its birth,

Che s'a - pre sul mat - ti - no! Oc - chio che par-la e ri - de! Squar - do ch'i cor con -
When op'-ning to the morn! Lov'd eyes that speak while smil-ing! Heart, ev - 'ry heart that

qui-de - - - chio ma che vin-co l' - e - ba-no! Sor-ri so in-can-ta-to, sor - ri so in-can-ta-to!
conquers Hair that can vie with ab - o - ny! A sweet smile might Heav'n adorn, a smile might Heav'n adorn /

DON PASQUALE.

Pas. Sposa simile! oh giubilo!
Non capo in petto il cor!

Mala. Alma innocente e candida,
Che sè medesma ignora,—
Modestia impareggiabile,—
Dolcezza che innamora,—
Ai miseri pietosa,
Gentil, buona, amorosa;
Il Ciel l'ha fatta nascere,
Per far beato un cor.

Pas. Famiglia—

Mala. Agiata, onesta.

Pas. Casato—

Mala. Malatesta!

Pas. Sarà vostra parente?

Mala. [Con intenzione.] Alla lontana un po'
E mia sorella.

Pas. Oh, gioja!

Di più bramar non so!

E quando di vederla?

Quando mi fia concesso?

Mala. Domani sul crepuscolo.

Pas. Domani! Adesso, adesso!

Per carità, Dottore!

Mala. Frenate il vostro ardore—

Quetatevi—calmatevi:

Fra poco qui verrà.

Pas. [Con trasporto.] Davvero!

Mala. Preparatev.

E ve la porto quâ.

Pas. [Lo abbraccia.]

Oh, caro! or tosto a prenderla!

Mala. Ma, udite—

Pas. Non fiestate.

Mala. Ma—

Pas. Non c'è ma, volate,

O casco morto quâ.

[Gi' tura la bocca, e lo springe via.]

Pas. A wife like her you've drawn, oh joy! oh transport!

I feel my bosom cannot hold my heart!

Mala. A soul that's innocent of guile,

Unconsciously perfection,—

Modest without compare, the while,—

Sweetness that wins e'en scorn,—

Pity the wretched showing,

With gentle love o'erflowing:

By Heaven created with such worth,

To bless some heart forlorn.

Pas. Her family—

Mala. Both wealthy and respectable.

Pas. Ah! of the house of—

Mala. Malatesta!

Pas. Is she, then, your relation?

Mala. [Meaningly.] Distantly!

That is, she is my sister.

Pas. Oh, what joy!

More I can never wish for!

But when shall I gaze on her?

When of such bliss the donor?

Mala. At dusk to-morrow eve.

Pas. To-morrow! Why not now?

In pity, Doctor, bow!

Mala. Bridle your ardor warm—

Quiet yourself—be calm:

She soon shall come, I vow.

Pas. [In transport.] Come in reality!

Mala. Prepare yourself.

And I will bring the lovely creature here.

Pas. [Embracing him.]

Oh, my dear fellow! fly like wind and fetch her.

Mala. But listen to me—

Pas. Do not stay to talk.

Mala. But, my dear Don—

But me no bats, bat fly,

Or I'll fall dead as stone upon the spot.

[Stops his mouth, and pushes him out]

AH, UN FOCO INSOLITO—A FIRE ALL UNFELT BEFORE. SOLO. DON PASQUALE.

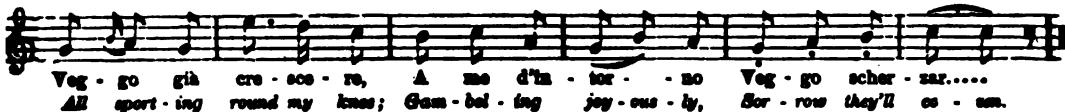
Ah..... un fo - co in - so - li - to, Mi sen - to ad-dos - so: O - mai re - si - ste - re
 A..... fire, all un - fel - ly be - fore, Burns in my heart's core: I can re - sist no more

Io più non pos - so. Dell' e - th vec - chia, Scordoi ma - la - ni, Mi sen to
 I'll strive no long - er. Of old age on - fee - ding me, For - got is the mis - e - ry, Feel - ing still

gio - vi - no— Co-me a vent' an - ni. Deh! ca-ra, af - frat - ta - ti, Vie - ni spo - si - na
 young to be Than twenty much strong - er. Ah! has - ten speed - i - ly, Sweet lit - tle bride, to me

Ec - eo di bam - bo - li, mez - za dos - si - na, Già veg - go na - sce - re, Già veg - go
 Dear lit - tle ba - bies, we Full half a do - son, Then we'll have born to me, Grown up they

cre - sce - re, A me d'in - tor - no, veg - go scher-zar; Veg - go già na - sce - re,
 seem to be All sport - ing round my knee,— Sor - row they'll co - zen; Grown up they seem to be



Son rinato! Or si parli al nipotino,—
A fare il cervellino,
Veda che si guadagna!
Eccolo appunto!

[Guarda nello specchio.]

SCENA III.—Ermanno e don.

Pas. Giungete a tempo: stava
Per mandarvi a chiamare. Favore—
Eva. Sono ai vostri comandi.
Pas. Non vo' farvi un sermone:
Vi domando un minuto d' attenzione.
E vero o non è vero
Che, saranno due mesi,
Io v' offrirei la man di una zitella
Nobile, ricca e bella?
Eva. E vero.
Pas. Promettendovi per giunta
Un buon assegnamento, e alla mia morte
Quanto possiedo?
Eva. E vero!
Pas. [Minacciando.] In caso di rifiuto,
Diseredarvi, e a tòrvi ogni speranza—
Ammogliarmi, se è d' uopo!
Eva. E vero!
Pas. Or bene
La sposa che v' offrirei or son tre mesi,
Ve l' offro ancor.
Eva. Non posso: amo Norina!
La mia fede è impegnata!
Pas. Sì! con una spianata
Con uno vedovella civettina.
Eva. [Con calore.]
Rispettate una giovine
Povera, ma onorata, e virtuosa.
Pas. Siete proprio deciso?
Eva. Irrevocabilmente!
Pas. Or ben, pensate
A trovarvi un alloggio.
Eva. Così mi discacciate?
Pas. La vostra ostinatezza
D' ogni impegno mi scioglie.
Fate di provvedervi—lo prendo moglie!
Eva. [Nelle massime sorpresa.] Prender moglie?
Pas. Sì, Signore!
Eva. Voi?
Pas. Quel deoso in carne e in casa!
Eva. Perdonate—lo stupore!
La sorpresa (oh questa è grossa.)
Voi?
Pas. [Cos' impazienza.] L' ho detto e lo ripete:
Io, Pasquale da Corneto,
Possidente, qui presente,
Sano in corpo e sano in mente—
D' annunziarvi ho l' alto onore
Che mi vado ad ammogliar.
Voi scherzate—
Pas. Scherzo un corvo!
Lo vedrete al nuovo giorno.
Sono, è vero, stagionato;
Ma ben molto conservato—
E per forza e vigoria
Me ne sento da prestar
Voi, Signor, di casa mia
Preparatemi a sfiduciar

Yes, I am born again! Now for my nephew,—
By playing thus the careless heedless hairbrain,
See what it is the wise and wary gain!
[Looking off]
Ah! here the very man comes, apropos!

SCENE III.—ERMANT and DON PASQUAL.

Pas. You are just come in time, sir: I was going
To send to summon you. Do me the favor—
Eva. Believe me, sir, that I'm at your command.
Pas. I am not, sir, about to preach a sermon:
I do but ask a minute's brief attention.
Pray, is it true, or is it not true, sir,
That by the calendar, just two months since,
I offer'd you the hand of a young lady—
Noble and rich, and beautiful withal?
Eva. 'Tis true.
Pas. Promising to make you, in addition,
A good allowance now, and at my death
What'er I might possess of goods and chattels
Eva. 'Tis true!
Pas. [Mincing.] In case of your refusal to accede,
Disturb not you, cut off all hope,
Marry a wife myself, if I thought fit!
Eva. 'Tis true!
Pas. Now, then,
The wife I offer'd you, now three months since,
I offer you again.
Eva. I love Norina!
My faith is pledg'd eternally to her!
Pas. Yes! to one of rain'd, desperate fortune—
To one, a little vain coquettish widow.
Eva. [Warmly.]
Respect a young unblemish'd female, sir:
Poor, it is true, but honor'd, sir, and virtuous.
Pas. Have you thoroughly decided?
Eva. Irrevocably
Pas. Now, then, hear my decision, sir; and think
Of straightway finding for yourself a lodging.
Eva. Do you, then, drive me from your favor thus?
Pas. Your stubborn headstrong obstinacy, sir,
Removes all claims, dissolves all ties between us
Provide, sir, for yourself—I take a wife!
Eva. [In the greatest surprise.] Take a wife, eh?
Pas. Yes, signor.
Eva. You?
Pas. I, myself, in bone and body!
Eva. Pardon me—I'm in amazement!
This is a surprise, (the precious noddy.)
You?
Pas. [Impatiently.] I have said it—I repeat it
I, Pasquale of Corneto,
Proprietor, here present stated,
Sane in body, in mind ditto—
Announce—you'll duly estimate it—
I marry shall without delay.
Eva. You're playing on me—
Pas. On the horn!
You'll to-morrow morning see.
I am, 'tis true, of age mature, sir;
But well preserv'd, and shall endure, sir—
For strength and sprightliness be sure, sir,
I've enough, and some to spare.
As for you, sir, leave my house, sir—
Yes, to tramp, decamp, prepare.

Eva. (Ci voce questa mania
I misi piani a rovesciar.)
Sogno soave e casto
Dè miei prim' anni, addio!
Se ambi' ricchezze e fasto
Fu sol per te, ben mio.
Povero, abbandonato,
Caduto in basso stato,
Pria che vederli misera,
Cara, rinunzio a te.
Pas. Ma voh che originale—
Che tanghero ostinato!
Adesso, manco male
Ei par 'capacitato.
Bon so dove gli duole
Ma è desso che lo vuole;
Altri che s' medessimo
Egli incolpar non dè.
Eva. [Dopo breve pausa.]
Due parole ancor di volo.
Pas. Son qui tutto ad ascoltarvi.
Eva. Ingannar si puote un solo.
Ben fareste a consigliarvi—
Il Dottore Malatesta
È persona grave, onesta.
Pas. L' ho per tale.
Eva. Consultatalo.
Pas. E' già bello e consultato.
Eva. Vi sconsiglia?
Pas. Anzi al contrario—
Mi felicita, è intantato.
Eva. [Copitissimo.]
Come! come! oh questa poi
Pas. [Confidenzialmente.]
Anzi, a dirla qui fra noi
La—capite—la Zitella:
Ma silenzio—è sua sorella
Eva. [Agitatissimo.]
Sua sorella—che mai sento!
Del Dottore?
Pas. Del Dottore!
Eva. (Oh, che nero tradimento!
Ahi, Dottore senza cor!)

Eva. (His mania comes, my hopes to banish—
Comes, to ruin all my plans.)
Sweet holy dreams I loved to cherish
Of early youth, adieu! ye vanish!
If I e'er long'd for riches, splendor,
It was but for thee, belov'd;
But now, poor and abandon'd, I,
Reduc'd from my condition high,
Sooner than thee in misery see,
Dearest, I'll renounce thee.
Pas. Now, here's an original—
Obstinate, wrong-headed!
Now, better (it was needed)
He seems dispos'd—I pray'd it.
I know what 'tis he's dreaded;
But that is what I wanted:
Others he'd have supplanted
Should not by him accused be.
Eva. [After a short silence.]
Two words more, sir, I'll speak briefly
Pas. I am ready, sir, to listen.
Eva. One deceives oneself, sir, chiefly.
To a friend for counsel hasten—
Haste to Doctor Malatesta:
He's a person grave, trustworthy.
Pas. So I think.
Eva. Consult him better.
Pas. That, thoroughly, is done already.
Eva. And there's no doubt he dissuades, sir?
Pas. On the contrary, he aids, sir—
Wishes me joy, is quite enchanted.
Eva. [Molt' strutt.]
How! how! what's this? has he recanted?
Pas. [In a confiding tone.]
Between ourselves, don't split upon her—
The, the—you understand—young Donna:
She is his sister—mind, now, honor!
Eva. [Extremely agitated.]
His sister—hear I aright? the Doctor?
Of the Doctor?
Pas. Of the Doctor!
Eva. (Ah, what dark and fatal treason,
Heartless Doctor, to betray me!)

MI FA IL DESTIN MENDICO—A BEGGAR HAS FATE NOW MADE ME. ERNSTO.

Mi fa il destin men-di-co per-do co hi che a-do-ro in chi credeva a-
A beg-gar has fate now made me, and her I must lose my ador'd one! He whom I tho't to be
mi-co ah, dis-copri un tra-ditor d'ogni con-for-to pri-vo mi-se-ro a che pur-vi-vo
friend me, ah, I find out him a traitor Rent of each joy of na-ture Why seek to live? Ah! me!
ah non si da mar-to-ro equal al mio mar-tor d'o-gni con-for-to pri-vo mi-
How can I bear a-gainst it? Unheard of mi-se-ry! Rent of each joy of na-ture, Why
se-ro a che pur vi-vo, ah!... non si da mor-tor e-gua-le égual, a mio mar-tor.
..... seek to live? ah, me? How can I bear against it? Unheard of, unheard of mi-se-ry!

DON PASQUALE

9

Pas. [A porta.] L' amico è bello e cotto,
In sasso par' cambiano !
Non fata ! Non fa motto—
L' affogo il crepacor.
Si roda : gli sta bene
Ha quel che gli conviene !
Impari lo sventato
A fare il bello umor !

[Entrambi via.

SCENA IV.—Stanza in Casa di Norina.

Entra NORINA, con un libro in mano, leggendo.

Nor. "E tanto era in quel guardo
Saper di Paradiso :
Che il cavalier Ricciardo
Tutto d' Amor conquiso
Al più le cadde, e a lei
Eerno amor giurò !"

Pas. [Aside.] Our friend indeed seems sorely tried :
As stone he's almost petrified !
He scarcely breathes, and speaks still less—
He's suffocated with distress.
Well, let him fret : it serves him right—
He has what he deserves to-night !
And let the wilful fellow learn
His friends' opinions not to spare.

SCENE IV.—An Apartment in the House of Norina.

Enter NORINA, with a book in her hand, reading.

Nor. "So much that glance revealing,
Of Paradise was telling :
Ricciardo impelling
To own as conqueror, Love !
To that sweet maiden kneeling,
He swore he'd faithful prove !"

SO ANCH' IO LA VIRTU—I, TOO, THY MAGIC VIRTUES. SOLO. NORINA.

So anch' io la vir - th ma - gi - ca, D'un guar - do a tem - po e lo - co, So anch' io co - me al
I, too, thy ma - gie vir - tues knew, Of glances well th'nd and ten - der, A gen - de smile, born
bra - cia - po, I ce - ri a len - to fo - col D'un bre - ve sor - ri - set - to, Conosco anch'io l'ef -
to be - guile, I know—an old of - fender ! A gen - de smile, born to beguile, I know—an old of -
fet - to ! Di men - zog-ne - ra, la - gri - ma, D'un su - bi - to languor, Co - no - sco i mil - le
fend - er ! A hid - den tear, a languor near, A lan - - guor.... near, I know the mode, oh
mo - di, Dell' a - mo - ro - se fro - di, I ves - sic e l'ar - ti - fa - ci - li, Per
dear, Of love's be - witch-ing wiles, His fa - cile arts and guiles..... To
a - de - sca - re un cor, D'un bre - ve sor - ri - set - to, Co - no - sco anch'io l'ef -
ture with wan - ton smiles, A gen - de smile born to be - guile, I know an old of -
fet - to, Co - no - sco, co - no - sco, un su - bi - to lan - guor.
fend - er, I know too, I know too, I know the modes, oh, dear.

Ho testa balzana—
Son d' indol vivace :
Scherzare mi piace,
Mi piace brillar.
Se vien la mattana,
Di rado sto al segno
Ma in riso lo sdegna:
Io presto a cambiar.
E il Dottor non si veda
Oh, che impatienza

I've a giddy head, I fear—
Mine's a disposition gay :
In harmless folly I delight.
But I'd shine in fashion's ray.
Approach should melancholy,
I scarcely can myself contain ;
But anger to laughter
I change quickly after.

My friend the Doctor makes not his appearance.
Oh, how impatient—anxious, too, I am,

Del romanetto ordito
A gabbar Don Pasquale !
Ond' ei toccomini in fretta :
Poco o nulla ho capito, ed or l' aspetto.

Entra un Servo, le porge una Lettera, ed esce.

Nor. [Guardando alla soprascritta.]

Ta man d' Ernesto ! Io tremo !
... ausge, dà cenni di sorpresa, poi di costernazione.
Oh, me meschina !

SCENA V.—MALATESTA e NORINA.

Mala. [Con allegria.] Buone nuove, Norina !
Il nostro stratagemma—
Nor. [Con vivacità.] Me ne lavo le mani.
Mala. Come ! che fa ?
Nor. [Porgendogli la Lettera.] Leggete !
Mala. [Leggendo.] "Mia Norina,—Vi scrivo,
Colla morte nel cor. (Lo farem vivo.)
Don Pasquale aggirato
Da quel furfante—(grazio !)
Da quella faccia doppia del Dottore,
Sposa una sua sorella :
Mi scaccia di sua casa—
Mi diserda in somma ! Amor m' impone
Di rinunziare a voi.
Lascio Roma oggi stesso, e quanto prima
L'Europa. Addio, state felice ! Questo
E' l' ardente mio voto : il vostro Ernesto."
Le solite pazzie !

Nor. Ma, s'egli parte !

Mala. Non partira—v' accerto : in quattro salti
Sarà da lui della nostra
Trama lo metto a giorno, ed ei rimane ;
E con tanto di cor !

Nor. Ma questa trama :

Mala. Si può saper qual sia ?

Mala. A punire il nepote
Che oppone le sue voglie,
Don Pasqual s' è deciso a prender moglie.

Nor. Gia' mel' dicesta.

Mala. Or ben, io suo Dottore,
Vistolo così fermo nel proposito,
Cambio tattica e tosto,
Nell' interesse vostro, e in quel d' Ernesto,
Mi pongo a secondario.—Don Pasquale,
Sa ch' io tengo al convento una sorella,
Vi fo passer per quella !
Egli non vi conosce, e vi presento
Prin ch' altri mi prevenga ;
Vi vede e resta cotto.

Nor. Va benissimo.

Mala. Caldo ! caldo ! vi sposa : ho prevenuto
Carlotta, mio cugino,
Che farà da notaro ; al resto poi—
Tocca pensare a voi.
Lo fate disperar.—Il vecchio impenna,
L'abbiamo a discrezione—

Allor—

Nor. Basta—ho capito !

Va benone.

Mala. Pronta son ; purch' io non manchi
All' amor dell caro bene,
Farò imbrogli—farò scene,
Mostrerò quel che so far.

Mala. Voi sapete se d' Ernesto
Sono amico, e ben gli voglio ;
Solo tende il nostro imbroglio
Don Pasquale a corbellar.

Nor. Siamo intesi—or prendo l'imp e gno.

For the romance his wisdom has projected
To hoax the sapient worthy Don Pasquale !
Of which the Doctor gave me a small hint :
I scarcely understand it—I wait for him.

Enter a Servant, who gives her a Letter, and goes out.

Nor. [Looking at the address.]

The hand of Ernest ! I tremble with alarm !
[Reads, and shows manifest signs of fear and surprise]
Ah, unhappy me !

SCENE V.—MALATESTA and NORINA.

Mala. [Gasly.] Good news, Norina !
Our stratagem—

Nor. [Hastily.] I wash my hands of it.

Mala. How ! what is it you are telling me ?

Nor. [Giving him the Letter.] Read ! read !

Mala. [Reading.] "My dear Norina,—I write to you,
Death in my heart. (I'll bring him soon to life.)
My uncle, Don Pasquale, influenc'd
By that vile rogue—(A hundred thousand thanks !)
That double-fac'd old hypocrite, the Doctor,
Marries a sister of this specious villain :
Me he drives forth, in anger, from his house—
In short, he disinherits me ! Love commands,
Imperatively, that I should renounce you.
I shall leave Rome to-day, and, soon as possible,
Quit Europe too. Adieu, be happy ! This
Is my most ardent wish : yours ever, Ernest."
The usual follies !

Nor. Ah, but if he goes !

Mala. He will not go—I say so : in four skips
I shall be with my gentleman. Then our
Rare plot I'll let him into, and he'll stay ;
Ay, and with all his heart, too !

Nor. But this plot :

Mala. May I, pray, be allowed to know what it is ?
Mala. To punish, as he thinks, his graceless nephew,
Who dares rebelliously oppose his wishes,
Pasquale has resolv'd to take a wife.

Nor. You told me so before.

Mala. Well, this Doctor,
Seeing he's so firm in this idea,
Have changed my tactics, and soon—very soon
For your own interest, and for that of Ernest,
I, to begin with, second him.—Don Pasquale,
Knowing that I have a sister in a convent—
Why, I intend to pass you off for her !
He does not know you, and I shall present you
Before by others I'm anticipated ;
He sees you, and he's done for.

Nor. Excellent !

Mala. Hot ! hot ! I wed you to him : I've prepared
That clever fellow Charles, my trusty cousin,
To play the notary ; and for the rest—
Why all the rest will rest with you, that's all.
You drive him to despair—old fool, distracted !
He then will be completely at our mercy,
Then—

Nor. I understand—enough !

Mala. Nought can be better.

Nor. I'm ready—anything—so I lose not
The love of my ador'd one. My belov'd,
I'll make perplexities—will fashion scenes ;—
In short, I soon will show what I can do.

Mala. You know, and can of Ernest tell,
If I'm a friend, and wish him well ;
Our plot but tends, you may believe,
Don Pasquale to deceive.

Nor. We're quite agreed, and I'm enlisted.

Mala. Io la parte ecco v' inseguo.
 Nor. Mi volete fiera, o mestu ?
 Mala. Ma la parte non è questa.
 Nor. Ho da pianger—da gridar ?
 Mala. State un poco ad ascoltar ;—
 Convien far la semplicità.
 Nor. Posso in questo dar lezione.
 "Mi vergogno—son stiella—
 Grazie—serva—Signor, sì."
 Mala. Brava, brava, bricconcella !
 Va benissimo così.
 Nor. "Collo torto."
 Mala. Bocca stretta.
 Nor. "Mi vergogno."
 Mala. Oh benedetta ! va ben issimo così !
 Or si vada, or andate
 Or si vada, { a combisar.
 Or andate.
 A quel vecchio, affè, la testa,
 Questa volta ha da girar.
 Già l' idea del gran cimento,
 Mi raddoppia l' ardimento ;
 Già pensando alla vendetta,
 Mi comincio a vendicar ;
 Una voglia avara e cruda
 I miei voti invan contrasta.
 Io l' ho detto e tanto basta,
 La spro' la vò spantar.
 Mala. Poco pensa Don Pasquale,
 Che hoccon di temporale,
 Si prepari in questo punto
 Sul suo capo a rovinar.
 Urla e fischia la bufara :
 Vedo il lampo, il tuono ascolto
 La scattra fra non molto,
 Sentiremò ad iscoppiar.

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

ATTO II.

SCENA I.—Salone parapettato, addobbato con somma magnificenza ed eleganza.

ERNESTO, solo.

Povero Ernesto ! dallo zio cacciato,
 Da tutti abbandonato,
 Mir estava un amico
 E un coperto nemico,
 Dis copro in lui
 Che a' danni miei congiura :
 Perder Norina ! Oh, Dio !
 Ben feci a lei d' esprimere
 In un foglio i sensi miei :
 Ora in altra contrada,
 I giorni grami a trasci nar sivada.

Mala. Your part by me must be assisted.
 Nor. Would you have me gay or tearful ?
 Mala. The part is neither sad nor cheerful.
 Nor. Have I then to weep—to scold ?
 Mala. Listen, and you'll all be told ;—
 You must play simplicity.
 Nor. I'll lessons give—leave that to me. Acting
 "I'm so confused—I'm young, you know—
 Thank you—Your servant,—Yes, sir,—Oh !"
 Mala. Bravo, bravo, capital !
 It can't be better—all goes well !
 Nor. Head turned aside—"Oh fie ! oh fie !" Acting
 Mala. Pursed-up mouth—Ashamed am I. Acting
 Nor. "I'm quite confus'd, my thoughts take wing—"
 Mala. Oh, clever creature ! just the thing !
 [Together.]
 What a fine game !—all that's farther remaining
 Must now be arranged,—our wishes obtaining
 Of this old fool, all sense who spurn'd ;—
 This time the head will be quite turn'd.
 Nor. Th' idea of this enterprise
 Fresh courage to my heart supplies ;
 Already of my vengeance dreaming,
 I seem revenged—such joy's in scheming—
 A cruel avaricious soul
 In vain my wishes shall control—
 I have said it—it suffices—
 I know how to cure his vices.
 Mala. Little thinks poor Don Pasquale
 What a wordy tempest really
 Is preparing at this moment,
 To rush upon him for his torment :
 The whirwind howls—spreads fear and wonder
 I see the lightning, hear the thunder—
 The thunder-bolt, before long, all
 Will hear in bursting vengeance fall.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A prepared Saloon, furnished with the utmost magnificence and elegance.

ERNESTO, alone.

Poor Ernest ! Turn'd out by my uncle,
 By all abandon'd !
 Even he, whom I believed to be
 An earnest friend to me,
 I now discover
 To be my secret enemy !
 Lose Norina ! oh, Heavens !
 'Tis well, that in a letter
 To her I have my soul unburden'd.
 I shall pow in another country
 Spend my weary days.

CERCHERO LONTANA TERRA—I SHALL SEEK A FAR-OFF SPOT. ERNESTO.

Cer - che - rd lon - ta - na terra do - ve go - mor sco - nos - ciu - to, là vi - vrò al cuo - re in
 I shall seek a far - off spot where no one on my griefs - troubish - then I'll cherish but one

DON PASQUALE.

guerra de - pio - rando il ben per - du - to de - pio - rando il ben per - du - to
thought of the faithless one who left me, of the faithless one who left me!

Ma nè sor - to a me no - mi - ca nè frap - pos - ti, mon - ti e
Not the tricks of as - cret enemies will dis - turb there the current of my

mar, ti po - tran - no dol - on - mi ca dai mio co - re, can - col - lar Non - ti po -
thoughts, nor ef - face thy charming pic - ture, sweet No - ri - sa, in my heart! No, not the

tran - no dai mio co - re can - col - lar non - ti po - tran - no car' a - mica dai mio co - re can - col - lar.
tricks of cru - el en'mies will disturb the cur - rent of my thoughts, nor darken thy sweet picture in my heart!

E SE FIA CHE AD ALTRO—IF ONE DAY PERHAPS YOU FALTER. ERNESTO.

E se fia che ad al - tro og - get - to tu ri - vol - gann gior - no il
If one day per - haps you fal - ter In the love to me you

co-re Se mai fia che un al - tro af - fet - to spenga in te l'anti - co ar - do - re non to -
cherish I shall grieve not, hearts may alter, Fondest love may wane and per - ish, Fear my

mer che un in - fe - li - ce te aper - giura ac - cu - si al ciel se tu sei ben mio fe -
curses not, for never, by th'af - fec - tion I once bore thou shall I curse thee; if we

li - ce sa - rà pa - go il tuo fe - del sa - rà pa - go il tuo fe - del sa - rà
see - er May be hap - pi - ness be - fore thee, may be hap - pi - ness be - fore thee, may be

pa - go il tuo fe - del sa - rà pa - go il tuo fe - del, se tu sei ben mio fe -
hap - pi - ness be - fore thee, may be hap - pi - ness be - fore thee! If we see - er sweet No -

li - ce mor - rà pa - go il tuo fe - del si mor - rà pa - go mor - rà
ri - na, may be hap - pi - ness be - fore thee, may be hap - pi - ness be -

pa - go il tuo fe - del, il tuo fe - del.
fore thee, may be hap - pi - ness be - fore thee, hap - pi - ness be - fore thee!

Don Pasquale, in gran gala, seguito da un Servo.

Pas. [Al Servo.]

Quando avrete introdotto
Il Dottor Malatesta, e chi è con lui,
Ricordatevi bene—
Nessuno ha più da entrare: guai se lasciate
Rompere la consegna! Adesso andate. [Servo via.
Per un uom sui settanta—
(Zitto, che non mi senta la sposina)—
Convien dir che son lesto e ben portante.
Con questo boccon poi
Di tollete—[Si pavoneggia]—alcan viene
Eccoli! A te mi raccomando, Imene!

SCENA II.—*Entra Dottore MALATESTA, conducendo per mano NORINA, velata.*

Mala. Via da brava!

Nor. Reggo appena:
Tremo tutta!

Mala. V' inoltrate!

[Nell'atto che il Dottore fa inoltre Norina, accenna colla mano a Pasquale di mettersi in disparte. Pasquale si rincantuccia.

Nor. Ah, fratel, non mi lasciate!

Mala. Non temete!

Nor. Per pietà—

[Appena Norina è sul davanti del presonie, il Dottore corre a Pasquale.

Mala. Fresca uscita di convento,

Naturale è il turbamento:
E per tempa un pò selvatica;—
Mansuefarla a voi si sta.

Nor. Ah fratello!

Mala. Un sol momento—

Nor. Se qualcun venisse a un tratto—
(Sta a vedere, vecchio matto,
Ch' or ti servo come va!)

Pas. Moose, voce, portamento

Tutto è in lei semplicità!
La dichiaro un gran potente,
Se risponde la belta!

Nor. Ah, fratello!

Mala. Non temete!

Nor. A star sola, mai fa male!

Mala. Cara mia, sola non siete,

Ci son io, c' è Don Pasquale.

Nor. [Con terrore.] Come—un uomo!

Ah me meschina!

Presto andiam—fuggiam di qua!

Pas. (Com' è cara e modestina

Nella sua semplicità!)

Mala. Quella scaltra melanadrina

Impazzire lo farà.)

Non abbiate paura, è Don Pasquale,

Padrone e amico mio,

Il re dei galantommìni.

[Don Pasquale si confonda in inchini: Norina non lo guarda.

Mala. [A Norina.]

Rispondete al saluto!

Nor. [Fa la reverenza senza guardar Don Pasquale.]

Granci—serva, Signore.

Pas. (Che bella mano!)

Mala. (E' già cotto a quest' ora!)

Nor. (Oh, che boggiano!)

[Don Pasquale dispone tre sedili; siedono Doctor ed mezzo.

Mala. [A Pasquale.]

Che ne dite?

Enter Don PASQUALE, in grand costume, followed by a Servant.

Pas. [To Servant.]

When, on his coming, you have introduce'd
Doctor Malatesta, and she who will be with him,
Remember well—let there be no mistake—
No one admit: woe to you if you let
Any one enter! Now then, vanish. [Exit Servant.
Come, for a man that's turn'd of seventy—
(Softly, I must not let my intended hear)—
All must allow at least, I'm well and active,
And with this taking—this killing style
Of dress—[Parading about]—but caution, there is
some one coming;—
They're here! To thee I yield myself, oh, Love!

SCENE II.—*Enter Doctor MALATESTA, leading in NORINA, veiled.*

Mala. Come on,—take courage!

Nor. I can scarcely stand:
I'm trembling all over!

Mala. Come, advance!

[At the moment that the Doctor leads Norina forward, he makes a sign with his hand to Don Pasquale to fall back. Don Pasquale shrinks into a corner.

Nor. Ah, my brother, do not leave me thus!

Mala. Do not fear, trembler!

Nor. In pity, brother—

[Norina has scarcely reached the front of the stage before the Doctor runs to Don Pasquale.

Mala. [To Pasquale.] Newly coming from a convent,

Natural is her confusion:
By nature she's a little shy;—
You will mould her, by-and-by.

Nor. Ah, my brother!

Mala. But a moment—

Nor. But think, should any one's intrusion—
(You shall soon, you old fool, see
How I mean your heart to torment!)

Pas. Air, voice, and gesture, all agree,—

All's in her simplicity!
She'll shine all prodigies beyond,
If beauty does but correspond!

Nor. Ah, brother!

Mala. Do not be afraid!

Nor. But by myself to stay—a maid!

Mala. My dear girl, you'll not be alone!

Here's myself, and here's the Don.

Nor. How! Oh, my virgin heart! a man!

How dreadful, nothing beat it can!

Let's go directly—fly this place!

Pas. How charming, modest, is the grace
Of her sweet simplicity.

Mala. (This cunning wicked' little one

Will drive him mad before she's done.) [To Norina.
Fear nothing, it is only Don Pasquale,
A patron and a friend of me and mine,
Who long has reigned the king of all good fellows.

[Don Pasquale makes a profusion of bows; Norina does not look at him.

Mala. [To Norina.]

Why do you not acknowledge his salute?

Nor. [Curties, without looking at Don Pasquale.]

Thank-ye, I'm much obliged—your humble servant.

Pas. (Oh, what a dear delicious little hand!)

Mala. (His goose is cooked already!)

Nor. (What a blockhead!) [Don Pasquale arranges three chairs; they sit down, the Doctor in the middle.

Mala. [To Pasquale.]

Now, candidly, what do you say to her?

Pas. (E' un incanto—ma quel velo—)

Mala. Non osaria, son certo,
A sembiante scoperto
Parlare a un uom. Prima l' interrogate;
Vedete se noi gusti v' incontrate,
Poesia vedrem—

Pas. (Capisco;—Andiam, coraggio.
Posto ch' ho l' avvantaggio—)

Anzi il Signor fratello,
Il Dottor Malatesta—
Cioè—volevo dir—

Mala. [A Norina.] (Perde la testa !)
Rispondete!

Nor. [Facendo la Riveressa.] Son serva! mille grazie!

Pas. [A Norina.] Volea dir ch' alla sera
La signora amerà la compagnia.

Nor. Niente affatto. Al convento
Si stava sempre sole.

Pas. Qualche volta al teatro?

Nor. Non so che cosa sia, nè saper brame.

Pas. Sentimenti ch' io lodo,
Ma il tempo nopo è passarlo in qualche modo.

Nor. Cucire, ricamare, far la calzettina,
Badare alla cucina;
Il tempo passa presto.

Mala. (Ah Malandrino!)

Pas. [Agitandosi sulla sedia.] Fa propria al caso mio.

[Al Dottore.] (Quel vel per carità!)

Mala. [A Norina.] Cara Sofronia,
Rimovete quel velo.

Nor. [Vergognosa.] Non oso—in faccia a un uom.

Mala. Ve lo comando.

Nor. Obbedisco, fratel. [Si toglie il velo.]

Pas. [Dopo aver la guardata, levandosi a un tratto, esclama addietro come spaventato.] Misericordia!

Mala. [Tenendogli distro.] Che fu? dite:—

Pas. Una bomba in mezzo al core.

[Agitazione.] Per carità, Dottore.
Ditele se mi vuole:
Mi mancan le parole—
Sudo, aghiaccio—sou morto!

Mala. [Piano, a Don Pasquale.] (Fate core!) Mi sembra ben disposta: ora le parlo.)

[A Norina, piano.] Sorellina mia cara:
Dite, vorreste—in breve,
Quel signore. [Accenna Don Pasquale.] Vi piace?

Nor. [Con un occhiata a Don Pasquale, che si ringalunga.] A dirlo ho soggezione.

Mala. Coraggio!

Nor. [Timidamente.] Si. (Sei pure il gran babbo!) Mala. [Tornando a Don Pasquale.] Consente: è vostra!

Pas. [Con trasporto.] Oh, grabile!
Beato me!

Nor. (Te n' avvedrai fra poco!) Pas. Or presto pel Notaro!

Mala. Ho tolto meco il malo ch' è in anticamera:
Or l' introduco.

Pas. Oh caro!

Mala. Quel Dottor pensa a tutto!

Mala. [Rientrando col Notaro.] Mucco il Notaro!

Pas. (She's a complete enchantress,—but that veil—)

Mala. She would not dare,—of that I am quite certain.
She is so shy—with an uncover'd face,
To speak to a live man. First question here;
See if your tastes, yo'r sentiments agree;
Then to behold—

Pas. I understand;—Come, courage. [To Norina Since I have the favor—the advantage, Miss—] [Confuses himself] As my esteemed friend, the Signor, your brother,
Your worthy brother, Doctor Malatesta—

That is—I mean to say—

Mala. [To Norina.] (He's lost his senses!) Reply!

Nor. [Curvigna.] Your servant, Sir! A thousand thanks!

Pas. [To Norina.] I meant to say that in the evening, Miss—
For the young lady, doubtless, likes company—

Nor. Oh, not at all! In fact, sir, at the convent,
We always, all of us, remain'd alone.

Pas. Well, but you sometimes wish'd for the theatre?

Nor. I don't know what that is, and don't desire.

Pas. Sentiments that I highly must approve—

Nor. But one must pass the time some way or other?

Nor. In sewing and embroidery; knitting stockings;
Superintending, too, 'tween whiles, the kitchen.
Time passes quickly then.

Mala. (Ah, wicked baggage!)

Pas. [Moving in his chair.] The very thing for one in my condition!

[To the Doctor] That veil, for pity's sake—

Mala. [To Norina.] My dear Sophronia
Remove that veil—remove that envious veil!

Nor. [Bastifullly.] Before a man! I dare not!

Mala. I command you!

Nor. I obey, brother: there, sir! [Takes off her veil.]

Pas. [Having looked at her, springs up suddenly, and goes back as if frightened.] Mercy on me!

Mala. [Holding him back.] That sudden start—those words! what was it? say!

Pas. A bombshell in the centre of my heart.

[Extremely agitated.] In charity—for mercy's sake, dear Doctor!

Do only ask her if she will but have me
I want words, Doctor—I'm spiflicated—
I flush—I freeze—dumbfounder'd quite!

Mala. [Low, to Don Pasquale.] (Take heart!) She seems dispos'd to favor you: I'll speak to her.)

[To Norina, in a low voice.] Hear me, my darling little sister:
Say, candidly—say, would you like, in short,
That gentleman. [Pointing to Don Pasquale.] Think well—how does he please you?

Nor. [With a glance at Don Pasquale, who shows his delight.] I feel inclin'd to say I think he does.

Mala. Courage, Sophronia!

Nor. [Timidly.] Yes. (The great baboon!)

Mala. [Turning to Don Pasquale.] You hear, Don: she consents—she's yours!

Pas. [With transport.] Oh, joy!
Oh, happy, happy man! bless'd that I am!

Nor. (I will convince you of your bliss, ere long!)

Pas. Now, quickly for the Notary, dear friend!

Mala. I have brought mine—he's in the anti-chamber
I'll straightway introduce him here. (Exit)

Pas. Delightful!

Mala. The Doctor thinks of everything!

Mala. [Re-entering with the Notary.] The Notary!

SCENA II.—*Notaro e detto.*

Don Pasquale e **Norina** seduti.—I servi dispongono in mezzo alla Scena un Tavolo coll' occorrente da scrivere: sopra il Tavolo sarà un campanello.—**Notaro** saluta, siede e s' accinge a scrivere: **Dottore**, in piedi, a destra del **Notaro**, come dettandogli.

Mala. Fra da una parte—et cetera,
Sofronia Malatesta,
Domiciliata—et cetera;
Con tutto quel che resta:
E d' altra parte—et cetera,
Pasquale da Corneto,
Coi titoli le formole
Secondo il consueto:
Entrambi qui presenti,
Volenti, e consenzienti,
Un matrimonio in regola,
A stingerse si va!

Pas. [Al Notaro.] Avete messo?

Not. No messo.

Pas. Sta ben! [Va alla sinistra del Notaro.
Scrivate appresso—
Il qua prefato—et cetera,
Di quanto egli possiede—
In mobili ed immobili—
Dona—tra i vivi—e cade,
A titolo gratuito,
Alla suddetta—et cetera,
Sua moglie diletissima,
Fin d' ora, la metà.
Sta scritto.

Mala. E intende ed ordina
Che sia riconosciuta
In questa casa e fuori,
Padrona, ampia, assoluta,
E sia da tutti e singoli,
Di casa riverita—
Servita—ed obbedita,
Con zelo e fedeltà.

Mala. e **Nor.** [A **Don Pasquale.**]

Rivelà il vostro core

Quest atto di bontà.

Not. Stesso è il contratto: restano
Le firme—

Pas. [Sottoscrivendo con vivacità.] Ecco la mia!

Mala. [Conducendo Norina al tavolo, con dolce violenza.]

Cara sorella, or via

Si tratta di segnar!

Not. Non vedo i testimoni:
Un solo non può star.

[Mentre Norina sta in atto di sottoscrivere, si sente la voce di Ernesto dalla porta d' ingresso: Norina lascia cader la penna.

Erv. [Di dentro.] Indietro, mascalzoni!

Indietro, io voglio entrar:

Nor. (Ernesto! or veramente)

Mi viene da tremar!)

Mala. (Può tutto rovinar!)

SCENA III.—*Ernesto, e detti.*

Ernesto, senza badare agli altri, va diritto a **Don Pasquale**.

Erv. [A **Don Pasquale**, con vivacità.]
Pria di partir, Signore,
Vengo per dirvi addio:
E come a un malfattore,
Mi vien conteso entrar.

Pas. [A **Ernesto.**] S' era in faccendo—giunge

SCENE II.—*The Notary, and the others.*

Don Pasquale and **Norina** seated.—Servants arrange in the middle of the Stage a Table, with writing materials; upon the Table is a Bell.—The Notary bows, seats himself, and begins to write; the Doctor standing to the right of the Notary, as if dictating to him.

Mala. Between, on one part—et cetera,
Sophronia Malatesta,
Residing at—et cetera;
And all remainders over:
And on the other part—et cetera,
Pasquale of Corneto,
With titles and formulas
From custom immemorial.
Both of them being present,
And willing and consenting,
A marriage legal, valid,
Are going now to—cancel!

Pas. [To the Notary.] Have you written?

Not. Very good! [Goes to the left of the Notary.] I have written.

Pas. Very good! [Goes to the left of the Notary.] I have written. [As if dictating.] You, then, will write, now—
The aforesaid Don—et cetera,
Of whatever he is possess'd—
Moveables and immovables—
Gives—being of sound life—and cetera,
As his own free act and gift,
To the above nam'd—et cetera,
His beloved wife delectable,
From this time, an equal half.

Not. It is written. **Pas.** And he wills and orders
That she shall farther be acknowledged
In this house; and when not in it,
The mistress wholly, absolute
And by all, herself shall be,
In the house, paid reverence due—
Serv'd by all—by all obey'd
With zeal and with fidelity.

Mala. & **Nor.** [To **Don Pasquale.**]
In this you truly show your heart—
This spontaneous act of bounty.

Not. The contract's drawn: there but remain
The signatures—

Pas. [Signing eagerly.] Here's mine!

Mala. [Drawing Norina to the table with gentle compulsion.] Dearest sister, now come, thine;
For thou must be the next to sign!

Not. I do not see the witnesses:
One alone will not suffice.

[While Norina is in the act of signing, the voice of the next is heard from the outer door: Norina loses composure.]

Erv. [Within.] Back, villains! back, I say!

I enter will—give way!

Nor. (Ernesto! I really don't discernible:

In earnest I begin to tremble!)

Mala. (He may all to ruin bring!)

SCENA III.—*Ernesto, and the rest.*

Ernesto, without attending to the others, goes straight to **Don Pasquale**.

Erv. [To **Don Pasquale**, warmly.] Ere I finally take wing,
I came here, sir, adieu to say
When, like some malefactor, they
Would from your dooms drive me away.

Pas. [To **Ernesto.**] We were engag'd—your coming, though,

Però voi siete in punto :
A fare il matrimonio,
Mancava un testimonio.

[Volgendosi a Norina.]

Or venga la sposina.

Era. [Vedendola, nel massimo stupore.]
(Che vedo ! Oh Ciel, Norina !
Mi sembra di sognar !)

[Espirando.]

Ma questo non può star.
Costei !

[Il Dottore che in questo frattempo si sarà interposto fra
Don Pasquale e Ernesto, interrompe quest'ultimo.]

Mala. La sposa è quella.

[Con intenzione marcata.]

Sofronia, mia sorella !

Era. [Con sorpresa crescente.]
Sofronia ! sua sorella !

Comincio ad impazzar !

Mala. [Piano, ad Ernesto.]

(Per carità, sta zitto !
Ci vuoi precipitar.)

[Piano, a Pasquale.]

Gli cauce—compatitelo :
Lo vò capacitar.

[Prende Ernesto in disparte.]

Figlinol, non farmi scene
E tutto per tuo bene.
Se vuoi Norina perdere,
Non hai che a seguirar.

[Ernesto vorrebbe parlare.]

Seconda la commedia,
Sta cheto, a lascia far.

[Volgendosi alla Commessa.]

Questo contratto adunque
Si vada ad ultimar.

[Dottore conduce a sottoscrivere prima Norina, poi Ernesto quest'ultimo, metà per amore, metà per forza.]

Ner. [Riunendo le mani degli sposi.]
Siete marito e moglie.

Pas. Mi sento a liquefar.

Ner. { (Va il bello a cominciar !)

[Appena segnato il contratto Norina prende un contegno naturale, arditò senza impudore : e piano di civiltà cultura.

Pas. [Facendo l'atto di volerla abbracciare.] Carina !

Ner. [Riempingendolo con dolzesa.]
Adagio un poco ;

Calmate quel gran foco—
Si chieda pria licenza.

Pas. [Con sommissione.]

Me l'accordate

Ner. [Sussurrante.] No.

[Qui il Notaro si ritira inosservato. Don Pasquale rimane mortificatissimo.]

Era. [ridendo.] Ah ! ah !

Pas. [Con collera.] Che c'è da ridere,

Signore impertinente !

Partite immantinenti,

Via, fuor di casa—

Ner. [Con disprezzo.] Oibò !

Modi villani e rustici

Che tollerer non so.

Restate ! [A Don Pasquale.] Le manderò

Apprender vi saprò.

[A Ernesto.]

Pas. [Con consternazione al Dottore.]

Dottore !

Mala. [Come sopra.]

Don Pasquale !

Pas. E' un'altra !

Is, ne'rtreheless, most apropos :
My happy marriage to complete,
One witness more, it seems, is meet.

[Turning to Norina]

Era. [Seeing her, in the greatest amazement.]
(What do I see ? Great Heavens, Norina !
It seems like some wild dream to me !)

[Breaking out.]

But I'm deceived—it cannot be.
Who's this ?

[The Doctor, who has by this time placed himself between
Don Pasquale and Ernesto, interrupts the latter.]

Mala. This lady is the bride.
[With marked significance.]

Sophronia, sister dear, my pride !

Era. [With increasing surprise.]

Sophronia ! she his sister—she !
I feel that soon I mad shall be !

Mala. [Aside, to Ernest.]
(For mercy's sake, be silent, pray !
You'll ruin all, if more you say.)

[Aside, to Pasquale.]

He's wretched—pity on him take :
I will persuade him to submit.

[Takes Ernesto aside.]

My son, a scene, pray, do not make :
All this is for your benefit.

If you wish to lose Norina,
You have only to proceed.

[Ernesto tries to speak.]

Assist us in this comic scene—

Peace let us manage—'twill succeed.

[Turning round to the Servants.]

This contract—all his folly past—
We're going to conclude at last.

[The Doctor conducts, first Norina, to affix her signature ; then, partly by persuasion and partly by force, Ernesto.]

Ner. [Joining the hands of the married couple.]

You are husband, now, and wife.

Pas. I feel I'm melting ! Mine, for life !

Ner. & Mala. { The best part's going to commence !

[The contract has hardly been signed, when Norina resumes her natural manner : her self-possession and ease, without boldness.]

Pas. [Attempting to embrace her.] My dearest !

Ner. [Repulsing him gently.]

Softly, have some sense ;

Calm your great ardor, sir, you must—

Embrace ! You should have ask'd leave first.

Pas. [Submissively.]

You'll grant it me, now mine you are ?

Ner. [Drily.] No.

[Here the Notary retires unobserved. Don Pasquale remains much mortified.]

Era. [Laughing.] Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Pas. [Angry.] What is there to laugh at, pray,

Impudent young jacobines !

Hence directly, go away

Out of my house, quick, or perhaps—

Ner. [Contemptuously.] Fie upon you—no reply—

What uncouth, rude manners—fie !

I tolerate them can't—not I.

[To Ernesto.] Good-manners,

Signor, which you

So want, I shall know how to teach you.

Pas. [In consternation, to the Doctor.]

Doctor ! Doctor !

Mala. [Also in consternation.] Don Pasquale !

Pas. Why, she's another—

Mala. Sen di sale!
 Pas. Che vorrà dir?
 Mala. Calmatevi,
 Sentire mi fard.
 Mala. & Nor. (In fede mia, dal ridere,
 Frenarmi più non so.)
 Nor. [A *Don Pasquale*.] Un nom qual voi decrepite,
 Qual voi pesante e grasso,
 Condur non può una giovine
 Decentemente a spasso—
 Bisogno ho d' un bracciere—
 [Accennando Ernesto.]
 Sarà mio cavaliere.
 Pas. [Con vivacità.] Oh! questo poi, scusatemi :
 Oh questo esser non può—
 Nor. [Freddamente.] Perchè?
 Pas. [Risoluto.] Perchè non voglio.
 Nor. [Con schernó.] Non lo volete?
 Pas. Come sopra. No!
 Nor. [Facendosi presso la *Pasquale*, con dolosus afflito.]
 Viscere mie, vi supplico !
 [Con espiet cruscanto.]
 Veglio, per vostra regola—
 Veglio, lo dico io sola—
 Tutti obbedir qui devono,
 Io sola ho a comandar !
 Mala. Ecco il momento critico !
 Era. Lo stretto da passar !
 Pas. Ma so—
 Nor. Non voglio repliche.
 Pas. [Accennando Ernesto.] Costai—
 Nor. [Intuissita.] Taci, buffone !
 [Don Pasquale fa per partire.
 Zitto ! provato a prenderti,
 Finora ho colte buone,—
 [Facendogli presso con minaccia espansiva.
 Saprà se tu mi stuzzichi,
 Le mani adoperar !
 [Don Pasquale dà indietro timorito.
 Pas. (Sogno ? Veglio ? Cos'è stato ?
 Calci—Schiaffi—brava ! bene !
 Bon per me che m' ha avvisato,
 Or vedrem che cosa viene !
 Che t' avesse, Don Pasquale,
 Su due piedi ad ammazzar !
 Nor. E rimasto là impietrato—
 Vegli, o sogni non sa bene.
 Mala. Sembra un uomo fulminato,
 Non ha sangue nelle vene.
 [A *Don Pasquale*.
 Fate core Don Pasquale,
 Non vi state a sgomentar.
 Nor. Or l' amico, manco male,
 Incominci a indovinar.
 [Norina va al tavolo, prende il campanello, e scatta con violenza.—Entra un Servo.
 Nor. [A Servo.] Riunita immanente,
 La servirò qui voglio.
 Pas. [Che vuol dalla mia gente ?]
 Mala. & { (Or nasce un altro imbroglio !)
 Era. Entrano due Servi e un Maggiordomo.
 Nor. [Ridendo.] Tre in tutto ! va benissimo,
 C' è poco da contare.
 A voi—[Al Maggiordomo.]—da quanto sentimento,
 Voi siete il maggior uomo ?
 [Maggiordomo è inciso.
 Ora attendete agli ordini
 Che mi dispongo a dar:
 Di servitù e ovella
 Mala. What a change !
 Pas. What does she mean ?
 Mala. Hush, not a word !
 Very soon I will be heard.
 Mala. & Nor. In tru, 'tom laughing, without pain,
 Longer I cannot refrain.
 Nor. [To *Don Pasquale*.] A man decrepit, Don, as you,
 As heavy and as fat, sir, too,
 Cannot take out a young lady
 Decently to walk, that's clear ;—
 A young man's arm I must have ready—
 [Pointing to Ernest]
 He shall be my cavalier !
 Pas. [With vivacity.] Oh ! as to that, excuse me there :
 That can never be, my life—
 Nor. [Coldly.] Why not, husband ? Do you dare ?
 Pas. [Resolute.] Because I will not have it, wife !
 Nor. [Scornfully.] You will not have it, husband ?
 Pas. [As before.] No !
 Nor. [Going close to *Don Pasquale*, with affected fondness.]
 Love, I implore you, don't say so !
 [With increasing vehemence]
 I will, then, for your regulation—
 I will, for I can speak alone—
 That all obey, whate'er their station—
 All here my sole command must own !
 Mala. Now comes the critical moment—fates !
 Era. Now comes the passage of the straits !
 Pas. But if—
 Nor. I'll have no answering.
 Pas. [Pointing to Ernest.] He—
 Nor. [Arranged.] Silence, buffoon ! peace, instantly !
 [Don Pasquale tries to speak
 Be quiet ! I have tried with you,
 Gentle means, sir, hitherto.—
 Going up to him with a snarling gesture
 I shall now, should you provoke,
 Use my hands—it is no joke !
 [Don Pasquale recorre, thunderstruck.
 Pas. Dream I ? Sleep I ? What's amiss ?
 Kicks—cuffs : good—a fine pretext—
 'Tis well she warn'd me has of this—
 We shall see what's coming next !
 I, Don Pasquale, sh'd think meet
 To trample underneath her feet !
 Nor. He stands quite petrified, and seems—
 Era. To know not if he wakes or dreams !
 Mala. He's like a man by lightning struck :
 No drop of blood runs in his veins.
 [To *Don Pasquale*.
 Take heart, Pasquale, my old buck,
 Don't be discouraged—use your brains.
 Nor. Now, then, at least, my worthy friend,
 You must begin to comprehend.
 [Norina goes to the table, takes the bell, and rings with violence.—Enter a Servant.
 Nor. [To Servant.] Assembled instantly, d'ye hear,
 I will have all the household here ! [Exit Servant.
 Pas. (What with my people want can she ?)
 Mala. & { (Now another breeze there'll be !)
 Era. Enter two Servants, and Major-Domo.
 Nor. [Laughing.] Three in all ! most excellent !
 Not many, it is true, to count.
 You, sir—(To the Major-Domo.)—as far as I can see
 The Major-Domo seem to be ?
 [Major Domo bows
 Now, then, my orders you'll receive,
 Which I prepar'd am here to give :
 Now servants a sufficient set.

Pensate a provvedermal—
Sia gente freca e bella,
Tale da farci onor.

Pas. [A Norina, con rabbia.] Poi quando avrà finito—
Nor. Non ho finito ancor.

Dei legni un pejo sia
Stasera in scuderia :
Quanto ai cavalli poi,
Lascio la scelta a voi.
La casa è mal disposta,—
La vo rifar di posta :
Sono anticaglie i mobili—
Si danno rinnovar.

Pas. [Con rabbia concentrata.] Avete ancor finito ?

Nor. [Socicamente.] No ! Mi scordavo il meglio.—
Fate le cose in regola,—
Non ci facciamo barbar.

[D'un cenno congeda il Maggiordomo che parte col Servi.

Pas. Grazie !

Nor. Chi paga ?

Pas. Oh bella, voi :

Pas. A dirla qui fra noi,

Non pago mica !

Nor. No !

Pas. [Riscaldato.] Sono, o non son padrone ?

Nor. [Con forza.]

Padrone ! ov'io comando !

Mala. [Interponendosi a Norina.] Sorella—

Nor. Or vi mando.

[A Don Pasquale, con furia crescente.

Siete un villano, un tanghero !

Pas. [Con dispetto.] E vero—“ho sposato !

Nor. [Come sopra.] Un passo temerario.

Mala. [A Don Pasquale, che s'offesa.]

Per carità, cognato.

Nor. Che presto alla ragione

Rimettendo s'apre.

Pas. [E fuori di sé, vorrebbe e non può parlare, la bile l'affoga.]

Son tradito, calpestato,
Son di riso a tutti oggetto ;
Ques' inferno anticipato,
Non lo voglio sopportar !
Dalla rabbia e dal dispetto
Sto vicino a soffocar !

Nor. [A Ernesto.] Or t' avvedi, core ingrato,
Che fu ingiusto il tuo sospetto :
Solo amor m' ha consigliato
Questa parte a recitar.

[Accennando Don Pasquale.

Don Pasquale, poveretto,
È vicino ad affogar !

Era. [A Norina.] Sono, o cara sincerato :
Momentaneo fu il sospetto.
Solo amor t' ha consigliato
Questa parte a recitar.

[Accennando Don Pasquale.

Don Pasquale, poveretto,
È vicino ad affogar !

Mala. [A Don Pasquale.] Siet e un poco riscaldato—
Don Pasquale, andate a letto.

[A Norina, con rimprovero.
Far soprarsi a mio cognato,
Non lo voglio sopportar :

[Agli Amici, comprendeli perché Don Pasquale non li veda.

[Al Maggiordomo.

Rethink you, you for me must get—
Servante young—good-looking, too,
That may do us honor due.

Pas. [In a rage.] When you've finish'd, you'll permit—
Nor. I've by no means finish'd yet.

[To the Major-Domo

Of carriages, mind, two at least

This eve must in the coach-house be :

As for the horses and the rest,

I shall leave the choice to thee.

The house most vilely is arrang'd,—

I'll alter it now I'm located :

The furniture is antiquated—

All must instantly be chang'd.

Pas. [With concentrated rage.] Have you done, or have you not ?

Nor. [Snappishly.] No ! [To the Major-Domo.
The chief thing I'd forgot—
Do all things in the greatest style,—
We must not have the vulgar smile.

[She dismisses the Major-Domo by a gesture—he goes off with the Servants.

Pas. Thanks !

But who's to pay—say who ?

Nor. Excellent indeed !—Why, you !

Pas. If I the truth must let you know,
I will not pay a farthing !

Nor. No ?

Pas. [With heat.] Am I or not the master here ?

Nor. [Energetically.]

Master where I command ! you jeer !

Mala. [To Norina.] Sister—

Nor. We'll by and by confer.

[To Don Pasquale, with greeting fury.
You are a clown, a clodpole, sir !

Pas. [Bitterly.] That's very true—I've married you !

Nor. [As before.] Madman rash, and stupid too.

Mala. [To Don Pasquale, who is foaming with rage.]

Brother-in-law, a word in season.

Nor. Whom very shortly to his reason

I know a way again to bring.

Pas. [In a transport of passion, tries to speak, but cannot, his rage suffocating him.]

I am betray'd, trod down and beat,

A laughing-stock to all I meet ;

This Tartarus, before its time,

I'll not support—what is my crime ?

Oh ! with mingled rage and spite

I am suffocating quite !

Nor. [To Ernesto.] Now you see, ungrateful heart,

How unjust was your suspicion :

Love, to bring him to submission,

Counsell'd me to play this part.

[Points to Don Pasquale.

Don Pasquale, poor dear wight,

Is nearly suffocated quite !

Era. [To Norina.] I am justified, dear heart ;

Momentary my suspicion.

Love, to bring him to submission,

Counsell'd thee to play this part.

[Points to Don Pasquale.

Don Pasquale, poor dear wight,

Is nearly suffocated quite !

Mala. [To Pasquale.] You're a little heated, real p—

Do go to bed, dear Don Pasquale.

[To Norina, in a tone of reproof.

On my brother-in-law to play

Thus, I'll not endure, I say !

[To the Lovers, who are standing so that Don Pasquale may not see them.

Bacaneci, ma cos'otto,
Non vi state a paesce!

VINI DELL' ATTO II.

ATTO III.

SCENA I.—Sala in Casa di Don Pasquale, come all' Atto I.—Sparsi sui Tavoli, sulla Sedia, per Terra, articoli di abbigliamento Femminile, Abiti, Capelli, Pelliccia, Sciarpe, Malletti, Cartoni, &c.—Don Pasquale seduto nella massima consternazione davanti una Tavola piena secca di Liste e Fatture.—Varii Servi in attesa.—Dall' Appartamento di Norina esce un Parrucchiere con Pettini, Pomate, Cipria, Ferri da Arricciare, &c., attraversa la Scena, e va per la porta di mezzo.

Cameriera. [Faccendosi sulla porta dell' Appartamento di Norina ai Servi.]

I diamanti presto, presto!

Un Servo. [Annunciante.] La Scuffiara!

2 a Cameriera. Venga avanti.

[La Scuffiara portando un monte di carlioni viene introdotta nell' Appartamento di Norina.]

3 a Cameriera. [Con pelliccia grande, mazzo di fiori, boccette d' odore, che consegna a un Servo.]

In carrozza tutto questo.

4 a Cameriera. Il ventaglio, il velo, i guanti.

5 a Cameriera.

I cavalli sul momento.

Ordinate d' attaccar!

Pas. Che marea—che stordimento
E una casa da impazzar.

[A misura che le Cameriere danno gli ordini di sopra, i Servi eseguiscono in fretta: ne nasce tumulto e confusione.

Pas. [Esaminando le note.]

Vediamo—allà modista:

Cento scudi—obbligato! Al carrozziere:

Sei cento! Poca roba!

Nove cento e cinquanta al giojelliere.

Per cavalli—

[Gatta le note con stima e si alza.
Al Demonio!

I cavalli, i mercanti, e il matrimonio!

[Pausa.

Che cosa vo rà dir questa gran gala?

Escr sola a quest' ora—

Un primo di di noste!

Dobbo oppormi a ogni modo ed impedirlo;—

Ma—si fa presto a dirlo!

Così ha certi occhiacchi;

Certo far da regina.

Ad ogni modo

Vo provarmi: se poi,

Fallisce il tentativo! Eccola!

A noi!

SCENA II.—NORINA e DON PASQUALE.

Norina entra correndo, e senza badare a Don Pasquale fa per uscire. E' vestita in grandissima gala, ventaglio in mano.

Pas. Dove corre in tanta fretta,
Signorina, vorrà dirmi?

Silly chits! for Heaven's sake, pray,
Don't, I beg, yourselves betray!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the House of Don Pasquale, as in Act I.—On the Tables, Chairs, and Ground, are spread different articles of Female Dress—Gowns, Hats, Petises lined with Fur, Sashes, Bandboxes, &c.—Don Pasquale is seated in the utmost consternation before a Table covered with Bills and Invoices.—Several Servants are in attendance.—A Hair-dresser, with Combs, Pincatum, Curling-Irons, &c comes out of Norina's Apartment, crosses the Stage, and goes off through the door in the centre.

Lady's Maid. [Speaking to the Servants from the door of Norina's apartment.]

The diamonds, the brilliants—here, quick, quick!

Serv. [Announcing.] The Milliner!

2d Lady's Maid. Directly show her in.

[The Milliner, carrying a number of Bandboxes, is shown into Norina's Apartment.

3d Lady's Maid. [With a large furred pelisse, a bouquet, and smelling-bottle, which she gives to a Footman.

You in the carriage will put all these things.

4th Lady's Maid.

The fan, the veil, and, i'ye hear, the gloves.

5th Lady's Maid.

Order the horses—do not lose a moment.

Let them directly be put to, d'ye hear?

Pas. What an overwhelming tide—what a wild hubbub! This is a house enough to drive one mad.

[In proportion as the Maids give orders as above, the Footmen execute them in haste: this causes great tumult and confusion.

Pas. [Examining the bills.]

Now, let us see—what have we here? First, the milliner:

A hundred crowns—obliged! The coachmaker:

Six hundred! Very good—tis quite a trifle!

Nine hundred, then, and fifty, to the jeweller.

For horses—

[He throws the bills away with annoyance, and rises To the Devil I'll pitch all!

Horses, and tradesmen—ay, and matrimony!

[Musing]

What cap you think of these great preparations?

To go out by herself at such an hour—

The very first day of her nuptials, too!

I should oppose it every way, prevent it;—

But—that's a very easy thing to say!

She's certain threat'ning glances, scornful flashes,

A mighty way of playing the imperial.

Let me arouse myself! By every means

I'll try conclusions with her: if, then,

The attempt should fail! Ah! here she comes!

How for it!

SCENE II.—NORINA and DON PASQUALE.

Norina entra hastily, in full dress, with a fan in her hand. She is going out without noticing Don Pasquale.

Pas. Prithee, where are you running in such haste, Young lady, may I beg you will inform me?

Pas. Divorso ! divorso !
Che letto—che sposa ;
Peggior consorzio,
Di questo non v' ha !
Ah, povero sciocco !
Se duri in cervello—
Con questo martello—
Miracol sarà ! [Norina via.
[Nell'atto di partire. Norina lascia cadere una carta; Don Pasquale se ne avvede e la raccolgono.]

Pas. Qualche nota di cuffie e di merletti,
Che la Signora semina per casa. [La spiega e legge.
"Adorata Sofronia—" [Nella massima ansietà.
Ehi ! ehi ! che affare è questo ? [Legge.
"Fra le nove e le dieci della sera
Sarò dietro al giardino :
Dalla parte che guarda a settentrione ;—
Per maggior precauzione
Pal piccolo cancello. A noi ricetto
Daran sicuro l' ombre del boschetto.
Mi scordavo di dirti
Che annunziò cantando il giunger mio :
Miracolando—il tuo fedele ;—addio."]

Pas. [Fuori di sé.]
Questo è troppo ; costei
Mi vuol morto arrabbiato !
Ah ! non me posso più—perdo la testa !
[Scappandolo. Ai servi che entrano.
Si chiami Malatesta,
Correte al Dottore :
Ditegli che sto mal, che venga presto,
O crepare e finiria
Ad ogni costo— [Don Pasquale esce.]

Pas. [Divorce me ! Divorce me ! What a match—what a wife she ; I'm sure a worse consort Than this, never was ! Ah, poor nimby-hammer ! If your brain stands this clamor— Worse than 'pon pavior's hammer— 'Tis a miracle, poe ! [Exit Norina.
[In the act of departing, Norina lets a paper drop ; Don Pasquale perceives it, and picks it up.]

Pas. One of the bills, no doubt, for cape and faces,
The lady likes to sow about the house. [Opens una «scatola.
"Adored Sophronia—" [In the greatest anxiety.
Halloo ! halloo ! Eh ! what affair is this ? [Read.
"Between the hours of nine and ten this evening,
I shall be at the bottom of the garden—
That side of it that looks out on the north,
For greater—more complete precaution's sake,
By the small grated gate. There we'll embower'd
Find safety in the shadow of the wood.
I had forgot to tell thee, dearest love,
'Tis in a song I shall announce my coming :
Thine to command—thine faithfully ;—adieu."
[Unable to govern himself.] This is too much ; 'tis very plain this woman
Wishes to make me die stark staring mad !
Oh ! I can bear no more—I lose my senses !
[Ringing hand-bell loudly. To Servants, who enter.
You'll hither instantly call Malatesta :
Run with the speed of lightning to the Doctor ;
Tell him I'm ill, that he must come here quickly.
Or either I must choke or stop this—
Cost regardless— [Exit Don Pasquale.]

SCENA III.—Enter Covo di Servi e Cameriere.

Tutti. Che interminabile—and i-rivisai !
Non posso reggere—rotte ho le reni !
Tim-tim di què, ton-ton di là,
In pace un attimo, mai non si sta :
Ma casa buona, montata in grande,
Si spende, e spende,—v' è da scialar.

Don. Finito il pranzo vi furon scene !
Uom. Cominciate presto—contate un po'—
Don. Dice il marito, "Restar conviene ;—"
Dice la sposa, "Sortire io vò !"
Il vecchio sbuffa, segue baruffa—
Uom. Ma la sposina l' ha da spuntar—
V' è un nepotino guasta-mestieri—
Don. Che tiene il vecchio sopra pensier—
Uom. La padroncina è tutta foco—
Don. Par che il marito lo conti poco ;
Tutti. Zitto, prudenza, alcun qui viene !
Si starà bene—v' è da scialar. [Escono.]

SCENA IV.—MALATESTA ed ERNESTO, sul limitare della porta.

Mala. Siamo intesi ? Sta bene,—ora in giardino
Scendo a far la mia parte.
Mala. Mentr' io fo qui la mia ;
Soprattutto che il vecchio
Non ti conosca ! Non temer ! Appena
Venir ci senti,— Su il mantello e via !
Ern. Ottimamente !

Pas. Divorce me ! Divorce me ! What a match—what a wife she ; I'm sure a worse consort Than this, never was ! Ah, poor nimby-hammer ! If your brain stands this clamor— Worse than 'pon pavior's hammer— 'Tis a miracle, poe ! [Exit Norina.
[In the act of departing, Norina lets a paper drop ; Don Pasquale perceives it, and picks it up.]

Pas. One of the bills, no doubt, for cape and faces,
The lady likes to sow about the house. [Opens una «scatola.
"Adored Sophronia—" [In the greatest anxiety.
Halloo ! halloo ! Eh ! what affair is this ? [Read.
"Between the hours of nine and ten this evening,
I shall be at the bottom of the garden—
That side of it that looks out on the north,
For greater—more complete precaution's sake,
By the small grated gate. There we'll embower'd
Find safety in the shadow of the wood.
I had forgot to tell thee, dearest love,
'Tis in a song I shall announce my coming :
Thine to command—thine faithfully ;—adieu."
[Unable to govern himself.] This is too much ; 'tis very plain this woman
Wishes to make me die stark staring mad !
Oh ! I can bear no more—I lose my senses !
[Ringing hand-bell loudly. To Servants, who enter.
You'll hither instantly call Malatesta :
Run with the speed of lightning to the Doctor ;
Tell him I'm ill, that he must come here quickly.
Or either I must choke or stop this—
Cost regardless— [Exit Don Pasquale.]

SCENE III.—Enter Footmen and Waiting-maids.

Onnes. What endless going there and coming here ;
"Tis insupportable—one's back is broken !
Nothing but ding-ding here, and ding-ding there ;
In peace they'll not a moment let us stay :
But still, 'tis a good house—all's first-rate style ;
Spend here, spend there,—eat, drink, and making merry.

Women. The dinner over—Oh, there were such scenes !
Men. They began early—let us hear a bit—
Women. "Now," said the husband, "you must stop as home ;—"
Said the wife firmly, "Sir, go out I will !"
Men. The little wife will conquer in the end—
There is a certain marplot of a nephew—
Women. Who discomposes much the old man's mind—
Men. Our little mistress is all fire and fury—
Women. It seems she don't account her husband much ;
Onnes. Hush, hush, he prudent ! there is some one coming
All will be well—there's plenty to regale us. [Escano.]

SCENE IV.—MALATESTA ed ERNESTO at the door.

Mala. 'Tis understood ! All's right—soon to the garden
Ern. I shall repair ;—repair, to play my part.
Mala. While on my part I stay here to play mine ;
But, above all, mind—don't let the old gentlemen Discover you.
Ern. Don't be afraid ! Directly
Mala. You hear us come,— On with the cloak, and off !
Ern. Most capital !

Bn. A rivederci !
Mala. [Avanzandosi.] Questa
 Repentina chiamata
 Mi prova che il biglietto,
 Del convegno notturno, ha fatto effetto.
 [Guarda fra le Scene.]
 Eccolo ! com' è pallido, dimesso !
 Non sembra più lo stesso.
 Me ne fa male il core ;—
 Ricomponiamci un viso da dottore.

SCENA V.—*Don PASQUALE, abbastanzissimo e' indebolito, tante-*
tamente.

Mala. [Andandogli incontro.] Don Pasquale—
Pas. [Con tristezza solenne.] Cognato, in me vedete,
 Un morto che cammina !
Mala. Non mi fate
 Languir. Che fu ?—parlate !
Pas. [Senza badargli e come parlando a sé stesso.] Pensar che per un misero puntiglio
 Mi son ridotto a questo !
 Mille Norine avessi dato a Ernesto !
Mala. (Cosa buona a sapersi.) Mi spiegherete alfin ?
Pas. Mezza l' entrata
 D' un anno in cuffie e in nastri consumata
 Ma questo è nulla—
Mala. E poi ?
Pas. La signotina
 Vuol uscire a teatro :
 M' oppongo colle buone.
 Non intende ragione—e son deriso.
 Comando : e della man mi dà sul viso !
Mala. Uno schiaffo !
Pas. Uno schiaffo ! si, Signore !
 Ma questo è nulla : v' è di peggio ancora.
 Leggete !

[Porgo la lettera al Dottore, che regge dando segni di sor-
 presa crescente fino all' orrore.

Mala. Io son di sasso !
Pas. [Riscaldandosi.] Corpo d' un Satanasso !
 Voglio vendetta !
Mala. E gusto.
Pas. Assicurala,
 Sta in noi.
Mala. Come ?
Pas. Ascoltate !
 Ho un mio ripiego ; ma sediam. [Siedono.]
Mala. Parlate !
Pas. Cheti, cheti, immantinente,
 Nell giardino discindiamo ;
 Prendo meco la mia gente,
 Il boschetto circondiamo ;
 E la coppia sciagurata,
 A un mio cenno imprigionata,
 Senza perdere un momento :
 Conduciam dal podestà.
Mala. Che vi par dei pensam.
 Parlo schietto, non mi
 Riflettete, la colpevole
 M' è sorella, è moglie vostra :
 Ah non stiamo l' onta nostra
 Su pei tetti a divugiar.
A 2. Espediente più a proposito,
 Procuriam d' immaginar.
Mala. Io direi, sentite un poco.
 Noi due soli andiam sul loco :
 Nel boschetto ci appostiamo ;

Bn. Until we meet, adieu ! [Exit Ernesto]
Mala. [Coming forward.] This sudden, though not unexpected summons,
 Proves very clearly to me, that the billet
 Of this night's assignation has been swallowed.
 [Looks off.] He's here ! how pale and woe-begone he looks !
 He seems not the same man he us'd to be.
 I vow it cuts me to the very heart ;—
 Let me resume my proper doctor's face.

SCENE V.—*Don PASQUALE, exasperatamente dispirito e con-*
down, enters, and advances slowly.

Mala. [Going to meet him.] My best of friends and patients; Don Pasquale—
Pas. [With solemn grief.] Brother-in-law, in me, alas ! you see
 A dead man, walking upright !
Mala. Do not keep me
 In dread suspense. What can have happen'd ?—
Pas. [Without attending to him, and speaking to himself.] To think that for a poor punctilio
 I am reduc'd to such a state as this !
 A thousand Norinas I'd have given Ernesto !
Mala. (That's a good thing to be acquainted with.) Will you explain, at last ?
Pas. Half the whole income
 Of a year in caps and ribbons gulph'd up !
Mala. But that is nothing—
Pas. What more ?
Mala. The young lady
 Chooses, forsooth, to go to the theatre :
 This I oppose, but with the greatest mildness.
 She won't hear reason—I'm a laughing-stock.
 I then command : she strikes me on the face !
Mala. A blow !
Pas. A blow, sir !—what do you think of that ?
 But that is nothing : there is worse behind.
 Read !
 [Gives the letter to the Doctor, who makes signs of sur-
 prise, increasing even to horror.
Mala. I am fairly petrified, turn'd stone !
Pas. By all that is infernal ! Satan's body !
 I swear I'll have a terrible revenge !
Mala. It is but just you should.
Pas. To secure it,
 Rests with ourselves.
Mala. How ?
Pas. Listen, listen, Doctor !
 I have a plan ; but let us sit down. [They sit]
Mala. Speak !
Pas. Softly, friend, softly ! This hour, immediately,
 We to the garden will forthwith proceed :
 I will take with me all my people.
 The little woody arbor we'll surround ;
 And the vile culpable unlucky couple
 Are, at a signal I shall give, imprison'd
 Without a single moment being lost.
 Before the magistrate we then will take them.
 Now, of this scheme of mine what think you ?
Mala. Why, to speak frankly, I do not quite agree.
 Reflect, this most abandon'd, guilty one,
 Unhappily's my sister, and your wife :
 Let us not give the means by which our shame
 May from the very house-top be proclaim'd.
Both. A more expedient, likely proposition,
 We must try somehow, if we can't devise.
Mala. I should say, let us consider a little.
 We two alone will go straight to the place
 There, in the little wood, let's post ourselves .

A su : ampo ci mostriamo ;
 E tra preghi, tra minaccie—
 D' avvertir l' autorità—
 Ci facciam dai due promettore
 Che la treva ha fine là.
 Don Pasquale che vi par ?

Pas. [Alzandosi.] Perdonate, mon pad star ;
 E' siffatto scioglimento,
 Poca pene al tradimento ;
 Vada fuor di casa mia,
 Altri patti non vo' far.

4. 2. E' un affare delicato,
 Vuol ben esser ponderato,
 La prudenza col rigore
 Qui bisogna consiliar.

Mela. [A un tratto.] L' ho trovata !

Pas. Oh benedetto !

Dite presto.

Mela. Nel boschetto
 Quanti, quanti, ci appostiamo,
 Di là tutto udir possiamo,
 S' è costante il tradimento :—
 Su du pie' s' ha da cacciar.

Pas. Mela.
 Son contento—va benone !
 Ma con patto e condizione,
 Che l' intento ad ottener—
 M' accordiate di potere
 Fare e dire a nome vostro
 Tutto quello che mi par !
 Carta bianca vi concede,
 Fate pur quel che vi par :

Aspetta, aspetta,
 Cara sposina,
 La mia vendetta :
 Gia' s' avvicina,
 Gia' gia' ti preme :
 Gia' t' ha raggiunto,
 Tutte in un punto !
 L' hai da scontar—
 Vedrai se giovinò,
 Raggiri e cabale—
 Sornai teneri—
 Sospiri e lagrime—
 La mia rivincita,
 Mi voglio prendere !
 Sei nella trappola !
 V' hai da restar !

Mona. A parte.] Il poverino !
 Sogna vendetta ;
 Non sa il meschino—
 Quel che l' aspetta !
 Invano freme ;
 Invano arrabbia—
 E' chiuso in gabbia !
 Non può scappar !
 Invano accumula,
 Progetti e calcoli ;
 No sa che fabbrica
 Castelli in aria :
 Non vede—il semplice—
 Ché nella trappola,
 Da sè medesimo
 Si va a gettar.

[Eccone insieme.

SCENA VI.—ERNESTO e Coro di dentro. Boschetto nel
 giardino attiguo alla casa di Don Pasquale da un lato gra-
 dinate che un dalla casa mette in giardino dell' altro cas-
 cile del giardino. È notte.

Then, at the proper time, come forth ;
 And what with supplications and with menaces—
 That we'll inform th' authorities of all—
 Perchance we may induce them both to promise
 That this false step shall end for ever there.

Now, Don Pasquale, what do you think of that ?

Pas. [Rising.] Pardon me, Doctor, but this cannot be.
 Such a get-off as would be this conclusion,
 Would be but little punishment for such treachery ;
 She shall go out for ever from my house !
 Save this condition, none else will I make

Both. It is a delicate affair,
 And requires deliberation :

Prudence, with rigorous degradation,
 Here must be combin'd with care.

Mela. [Suddenly.] Eureka ! I have found it !

Pas. Oh, bless'd heaven !

Tell me directly.

Mela. In the little wood
 Quietly, quietly, we will post ourselves,
 Whence we may hear what passes, and judge
 If real *bond'fide* is this treachery :—
 When I will instantly discard her.

Pas. I am contented—'tis the very thing !

Mela. But with this compact, and with these conditions,
 This most desirable object to obtain—
 That you shall fully grant me the power
 Of doing, and of saying, in your name,
 All things, I in my judgment may think fit !

Pas. A carte blanc I willingly will give you,
 Do all and singular that you think best :

Wait, wait,
 Dear little wife,
 I soon reveng'd will be :
 E'en now 'tis near, my life,
 The Fates press hard on thee :
 Now, now, it reaches thee,
 This night, without delay,
 Thou must the reckoning pay !
 Thou'lt see what little use
 Now will be each excuse—
 Useless thy tender smiles,
 Sighs, and tears—and wiles—
 All I have now at stake,
 Conquer'd, again I'll take !
 Thou'rt in the trap—hurrah !
 There thou wilt have to stay !

Mela. [Aside.] Oh, the poor fellow !
 Vengeance he's prating ;
 Let the doit bellow—
 He knows not what's waiting !
 Vain's all his fretting now ;
 Rage in vain ape—
 He's a cage shut in now—
 Cannot escape !
 Vain he accumulates,
 Projects, and calculates,
 He knows not he is building rare
 Castles in the empty air :
 He sees not—the simpleton—
 That in the trap, poor elf,
 He of his own accord
 Now goes to throw himself. [Exeunt toghe-

SCENE VI.—ERNESTO and Chorus within a small wood in
 the garden, adjoining Don Pasquale's house. On one side a
 flight of steps, leading from the house; on the other the grated
 gate of the garden. It is night.

COM'E GENTIL—OH! SUMMER NIGHT. SOLO ERNESTO.

Favorevole

Com'e gen - til, la not-to-a messo April,... E' assur-ro il ciel.... la lu - na è sen - sa
Oh! Summer night, Thy tran-quill light Was made for those... who shun the bu - sy

vol: Tut-t'e lan - guor. Pace, miste-ro, a - mor Ben mio, per-chè ancor-non viene a
day,..... Who loves too well, Yet blush to tell The hopes that led..... their hearts a -

me! For - ma - no l'a - re, D'a - more-ac - eon - ti, Del rio nel mormorar,
stray! All now is still,... On date, on MZ, And none are nigh,...

Sos - pi - ri sen - - - - - ti Ben mio per - chè, ancor non vie nia -
With curious eye;..... Then why, my love, oh, why do -

me?..... Per - chè, per - chè,..... non vieni a - me? Poi quando sa - rd
lay?..... Then why, my love, oh, why de - lay? Your lat - tice o - pen

mor - to,.... pian-ge - ra - i, Ma - ri - chia mar-m'in - vi - ta - - - non po - tra!....
to the.... star - ry night, And with your presence make the..... world more bright.

Nina crudel, mi vuoi veder morir?
Poi quando sarò morto piangerai,

Ma ritornarmi in vita non potrai.
Core. [Di dentro.] Poi quando sarà morto, piangerai,
Ma ritornarmi in vita non potrai.

[Norina esce con precauzione dalla casa e va ad aprire ad Ernesto, che si mostra dietro il cancello. Ernest è avvolto in un mantello, che lascerà cadere.

Cruel Norina, would you see me die?

When I am dead, you'll haply for me weep,
But back to life you could not then restore me!
Omnes. When he is dead, you'll haply for him weep,
But back to life you could not then restore him!

[Norina comes cautiously out of the house and opens the gate for Ernest, who is seen behind it. He is wrapped in a mantle, which he lets fall.

TORNAMI A DIR—TELL ME AGAIN. DUET. ERNEST AND NORINA.

Tor - na - mi a dir che m'a - mi, Dim - mi che mi - o tu se - - i:
Tell me a - gain thou lov'st me, Tell me that thou art mine, dear:.....

Tor - na - mi a dir che m'a - mi, Dim - mi che mi - o tu se - - i:
Tell me a - gain thou lov'st me, Tell me that thou art mine, dear:.....

Quan - do tuo ben mi chia - mi,
When, love, thou call'st me thine..... own,
La vi - ta ad - dop - pi in me.
It makes my life dou - ble ap - pear.

Quan - do tuo ben mi chia - mi,
When, love, thou call'st me thine..... own,
La vi - ta ad - dop - pi in me.
It makes my life dou - ble ap - pear.

La vo - ce tu - a si ca - ra,
Thy voice, dear, my hopes re - sive - ing,
Rin fran - ca il co - re op -
Its sweet sounds my bo - son

La vo - ce tu - a si ca - ra,
Thy voice, dear, my hopes re - sive - ing,
Rin -
Its

pres - so il co - re op - pres -
cheer - ing, my bo - son cheer -
so, So - cura a
ing, I tremble

fran - ca il co - re op - pres -
sweet sounds my bo - son cheer -
so, So - cura a
ing, I tremble

te d'ap - pres - so,
when thou'rt a - way, dear,
Tre - mo lon - tas da - te..... da - te,
But joy re - turns when thou art near,.....

te d'ap - pres - so,
when thou'rt a - way, dear,
Tre - mo lon - tan da - te.....
But joy re - turns when thou art near,.....

so - cura a te d'ap - pres - so, Ah - tre - mo lon - tan - da te.
I.... tremble when thou'rt a - way, dear, But joy returns when thou art near.

so - cura a te d'ap - pres - so, Ah - tre - mo lon - tan - da te.
I.... tremble when thou'rt a - way, dear, But joy returns when thou art near.

[Si vedono Pasquale e il dottore, muniti di lanterne, sordi entrar pian piano nel cancello: si per dono dietro agli alberi per ricomparire a suo tempo.]

Nor. [Sussurrando.] Sento rumor!

Ern. Son deusi!

Nor. Comincia l' ultim' atto—

Ern. Se perder ti dovesci!

Nor. Fa cor, t' affida in me.

[Pasquale and the Doctor, furnished with dark lanterns, are seen to enter softly at the grated door: they disappear behind the trees, but reappear at the right moment.]

Nor. [Very low.] I heard a sound approaching!
Ern. Ah! 'tis they!

Nor. Let us begin, dear Ernest, the last act—

Ern. If I should have to lose thee, after all!

Nor. Take heart—love is our friend, trust all to me.

[Mentre Don Pasquale e il dottore ri compariscono Ernesto riprende mantello, e si scosta alquanto da Norina nella direzione della casa di Don Pasquale.]

Pas. Eccoli ! Attenti ben !
Mala. M' raccomando !

SCENA VII.—DON PASQUALE, DOTTORE, e altri.

Pas. [Sbarra la lanterna in volto a Norina.]
Alto lè !
Nor. Ladri, ajuto !
Pas. [A Norina.] Zitto ! Ov' è il drado ?
Nor. Chi ?
Pas. Colui che stava
Con voi qui amoreggiando—
Nor. [Con risentimento.] Signor mio !
Mi meraviglio qui non v' era alcuno !
Mala. (Che faccia tosta !)
Pas. (Che mentir sfacciatu !)

Saprò ben io trovarlo.
[Don Pasquale e il dottore fanno indagini nel boschetto.
Ernest entra piano piano in casa.]

Nor. Vi ripeto,
Che qui non v' era alcun, che voi sognata.
Mala. A quest' ora in giardini che facevate ?
Nor. Stavo prendendo il fresco.
Pas. Il fresco ! [Con esplosione.]
Ah, donna indegna !
Fuor di mia casa !—o ch' io !—
Nor. Ehi ! shi ! Signor Marito—
Su che taon la prendete ?

Pas. Escito e presto !
Nor. Nemmen per sogno ; e' casa mia—vi resto.
Pas. Corpo di mille bombe !
Mala. Don Pasquale,
Lasciate fare a me ; solo—badate—
A non smentirmi :—ho carta bianca !

Pas. E inteso.
Nor. (Il bello adesso viene.)
Mala. [A Norina piano.]
(Stupor misto di' sdegno,—attenta bene—)
Sorella adite, io parlo
Per vostro ben : vorrei
Risparmiarvi uno sfregio—

Nor. A me uno sfregio ?
Mala. (Benissimo !) Domani in questa casa,
Entra la nuova sposa.
Nor. [Come sopra.] Un'altra donna !
A me simile ingiuriarla ?

Mala. (Ecco il momento di montare in furia.)
[Don Pasquale tien dietro al dialogo con grande interesse.]

Nor. Sposa di chi ?
Mala. D'Ernesto ;—la Norma.
Nor. [Con disprezzo.] Quella vedova scaltra ;—e civettina !
Pas. [Al Dottore.] Bravo, Dottore !
Mala. (Siamo a cavallo !)
Nor. Colei qui a mio dispetto !

Norina ed io sotto l' inteso tetto !
Giammai ! piuttosto parto !
Pas. Ah, lo volesse il Ciel !
Nor. [Cambiando modo.] Ma—piano un poco.
Se queste nozze poi fossero un goico !
Vo' sinceramente pria.
Mala. E giusto.—[A Don Pasquale.]—Don Pasquale non c' e via ;

Qui bisogna sposar quei due davvero
Se no costei non va.

[Con fermeza.]

[When Don Pasquale and the Doctor re-appear, Ernest steals himself, and, leaving Norina, returns towards the house of Don Pasquale.]

Pas. They're here ! Mark well !
Mala. Heaven, I commend me to thee !

SCENE VII.—DON PASQUALE, MALATESTA, and the others.

Pas. [Unmasking the lantern full in Norina's face.]
Halt there ! Hold, Madam !

Nor. Ah, thieves ! thieves !—help ! help !
Pas. [To Norina.] Peace ! Where's the lover ?

Nor. Who ?

Pas. Why, he who was
Here but this very moment—making love—

Nor. [Offended.] Who, sir ?
I am amazed—there was nobody here !

Mala. (What a quick change !)
Pas. (What an audacious falsehood !)

Oh ! I know well how I can find the gentleman.
[Don Pasquale and Malatesta make a search among the trees.. Ernest secretly enters the house.]

Nor. Doubt it ! well, I repeat it to you again,
That there was no one here, and that you dream.

Mala. At this hour in the garden, pray what did you ?

Nor. I was enjoying the fresh air.
Pas. The fresh air ! [With a burst of indignation.] Ah ! thou false unworthy woman !

Out of my house directly !—troop !—or I—
Nor. Heyday ! heyday !—strong words these, Mister Hush band !

Do you take up this tone ?

Pas. Begone, and quickly !
Nor. Nay, I'd a dream ; 'tis my house—I'll stay in it.

Pas. Body of a thousand bombs !—

Mala. Pasquale,
Leave me to manage this ; only—take care—

Don't interfere :—I've carte blanc !

Pas. 'Tis agreed so.

Nor. (The best of all of this is now to come.)

Mala. [To Norina, softly.]
(Amazement mix'd with indignation—mind—)

Patiently bear me, sister, for I speak
But for your good : believe me, I would wish

To spare you a disgrace—

Nor. [Indignantly.] Disgrace ! Spare me !

Mala. (Most capital !) To-morrow, in this house

Enters the new-made bride.

Nor. [As before.] Another lady !

To me such an injurious affront ?

Mala. (Now is the time to fly into a passion.)

[Don Pasquale is behind, listening to the dialogue with great interest.]

Nor. The bride of whom ?

Mala. Of Ernest—his Norina !

Nor. [With disdain.] That cunning little widow—that coquette !

Pas. [To Malatesta.] Bravo, Doctor !

Mala. (We go as if on horseback !)

Nor. That flirting hussy here, in spite of me !

I and Norina 'neath the self-same roof !

[Vehemently.] Never ! No, sooner, first, I would depart !

Pas. With all my heart ! I wish to Heaven you would !

Nor. [Changing her manner.] But do not let me hurry—wait a little.

If these same nuptials should be all a joke !

I must assure myself they're real first.

Mala. 'Tis just.—[To Don Pasquale.]—Pasquale, there's no other way ;

So these two you must unite in good earnest.

Or she won't go.

Pas. Non mi par vero !
 Mala. [Chiamando.] Eh ! di casa, qualcuno !
 Ernesto !

SCENA ULTIMA.—ERNESTO e SORRI

Eva. Eccomi !

Mala. A voi !
 Accorda Don Pasquale
 La mano di Norina, e un annuo assegno—
 Di quattrromila scudi.

Eva. Ah, caro zio !

E sia ver !
 Mala. [A Don Pasquale.] D' esitar non è più tempo,
 Dite di sì—

Nor. M' oppongo !

Pas. Ed io consento ! [A Ernesto.]

Corri a prender Norina :
 E d' unirvi io m'impegno in sul momento—

Mala. Sem' andar lungi la sposa è presto.

Pas. Come ? Spiegatevi !

Mala. Norina è questa !
 Pas. Quella ! Norina ? Che tradimento !

Dunque Sofronia—

Mala. Dura in convento !

Pas. E il matrimonio—

Mala. Fu un mio pensiero,
 Stringervi in nodo di nullo effetto,
 Il modo à tarvi di farne un vero.

E chiaro il resto del romanzetto.

Pas. Ah bricconissimi ! (Vero non parmi !
 Ciel ti ringrazio !) Così ingannarmi,
 Meriteresti—

Mala. Va siete buono !

Eva. [Inginocchiandosi.] Deb, zio, movetevi !

Nor. [Con sopra.] Grazia ! perdono !

Pas. Tutto dimentico. Siate felici !
 Com' io v' unisco — v' unisca il Ciel !

Pas. I can't believe my senses
 Mala. [Calling.] Ho, there ! house ! house ! who waits—
 some one directly !
 Ernesto !

SCENE THE LAST.—ERNEST and SORRI.

Eva. I'm here ! I'm here !

Mala. 'Tis well ! To you
 Your uncle, Don Pasquale, kindly grants
 Norina's hand, with an allowance yearly—
 Four thousand crowns.

Eva. Ah, dearest, best of uncles !
 Can it be true ?
 Mala. [To Pasquale.] Too late to hesitate :
 Say yes—

Nor. But I oppose it !

Pas. I consent ! [To Ernesto.]
 Run, swiftly as the wind, and find Norina :
 I to unite you undertake, this moment—

Mala. Without you going farther, the bride's ready.
 Pas. How ? Explain yourself !

Mala. There is Norina !
 Pas. Eh ! that Norina ? What treachery is this !
 Why, then, Sophronia—

Mala. Still is in the convent !

Pas. My marriage, then—
 Mala. Was an idea of mine
 To bind you by a tie of no effect,
 That you might not have means to form a true one.
 The rest of the romance is very clear.

Pas. Cosa'ning rogue ! (Still I dare not believe it !
 Kind Heaven, I thank thee !) To deceive me thus,
 You merit—

Mala. Come, now, be indulgent, sir !

Eva. [Kneeling.] Ah, uncle, be persuaded !

Nor. [Also kneeling.] Pardon ! pardon !

Pas. I everything forgive. May you be happy,
 As I unite you !—so unite you, Heaven !

LA MORALE IN TUTTO QUESTO—THUS THE MORAL. NORINA.

La mo - rale in.... tut - to que sto - o as - sai fa - cil dif fro .
 Thus the mo - ral of our play - ing plain e - nough is to be .

var si - vo la di - co,... pres - to, pres - to Se vi
 soon straight I'll tell you.... with - out stay - ing.... If you'll

pia - - co d'as - - col tar: bon è sce - mo.... di cer
 ne - - ten what..... I mean, He must sure - ly be de .

vel - io chi s'am - moglia in vecchia è tà si va a cor - car col cam - pa -
 ment-ed Who would mar - ry when he's old, Soon his fol - ly is re -

nel - io - no se e - doglie in quan - ti - tà..... ben è sce - mo di cer .
 pawed, and his pas - sion soon grows cold..... He must sure - ly be de .

DON PASQUALE

Pur. La morale è molto bella,
Applicaris a me si sta;
Sei pur fina o bricconcella
M'hai servito come va.
Mala e { La morale è molto bella
Non. } Don Pasquale l' applicherà:
Quella cara bricconcella
Lunga più di noi la sa!

Pas. It is a very clever moral,
And well enough applies to me ;
So, little rogue, we will not quarrel,
Though you have used me scurvily.

Mais. & It is a very clever moral,
Eva. As Don Pasquale soon will see :
He must not with this dear rogue quarrel—
She knows a vast deal more than he !

THE J.W.P.

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